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A FUNERAL THOUGHT.

When the pale Genius, to whose hollow tramp
Echo the startled chambers of the soul,
Waves his inverted torch o'er that pale camp
Where the arch angel's final trumpets roll,
I would not meet him in the chamber dim,
Hushed, and pervaded with a nameless fear,
When the breath flutters and the senses swim,
And the dread hour is near.

Though Love's dear arms might clasp me fondly then,
As if to keep the Summoner at bay,
And woman's woe and the calm grief of men,
Hallow at last the chill unbreathing clay—
These are Earth's fetters, and the soul would shrink,
Thus bound, from Darkness and the dread Unknown;
Stretching its arms from Death's eternal brink,
Which it must dare alone.

But in the awful silence of the sky,
Upon some mountain summit, yet untrod,
Through the blue ether would I climb, to die
Afar from mortals and alone with God!
To the pure keeping of the stainless air
Would I resign my faint and fluttering breath,
And with the rapture of an answered prayer
Receive the kiss of Death.

Then to the elements my frame would turn;
No worms should riot on my coffined clay,
But the cold limbs, from that sepulchral urn,
In the slow storms of ages waste away.
Loud winds and thunders' diapason high
Should be my requiem through the coming time,
And the white summit fading in the sky
My monument sublime.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

'Twas in a sunny forest nook,
With flowers and moss o'ergrown;
Where nought was heard save the bee's low hum
Or wild wind's liquid tone—
They laid the gentle bard to rest
When life's wild dream was o'er,
When the lyre he woke with magic power
Gave forth its notes no more.

They laid him there when sunset's beam
Yet lingered on the hill,
But the heart that leaped at that bright hour
In death's long sleep was still;
Sadly they heaped the mossy mould
Above his fair young form,
And wept that soon the grave should hide
The heart so free and warm.

The elm's long boughs droop o'er the turf,
Like mourners weeping by,
And there, in spring, the violet first
Looks up with mild blue eye;
And when the forests in the garb
Of summer proudly wave,
A thousand low, sweet melodies
Float mournful round his grave.

A holy calm breathes o'er the spot,
The trees dark shadows fling,
Save when through twining boughs quick gleams
The wild bird's flashing wing.
There, when the sunset's glow decays,
Bright forms with sunny hair
Glide slowly through the forest aisles,
Then fade in twilight air.

From Bayard Taylor's earlier poems.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

"With a kiss upon your sleeping face, Madeline, I say farewell for ever!"

Madeline was weeping now, and she held the letter pressed against her bosom, clutched tightly with both hands, while her hurried steps went to and fro, taking her she knew not whither, for sorrow and fear had made her wild. This reading of her father's words aloud had wrought a change in all her thoughts. It had made the great wrong done to him and herself a reality. Before she heard the dreadful letter, sentence by sentence, ringing in her ears, spoken out by her own voice, it had seemed to her a dream—a mad, impossible dream—a thing so untrue and wild that her love, running still in old grooves, settled wistfully on Mr. Lanyon's age and sorrows, and on Lord Crehylls' careless life, shattered and lying waste henceforth for ever. Now her sympathy ran feverishly to this poor lost man, her father, and holding the letter to her heart, it cried aloud to her for vengeance. No, not vengeance—justice, only justice—she would take nothing more.

The thought calmed her, and she sat down before the desk with her head leaning on her hand, and read till her cheeks flamed with anger, all the foolish, fond words,—all the boyish, passionate words which Lord Crehylls had addressed to her mother. Reading them with her father's jealousy hot upon her, they did not appear to her, as to Mr. Lanyon, the mere madness of a boy; she saw only the unthinking passion, the blind adoration of a guilty love. She saw him, too, the strongest, fiercest jealousy of this human snake, Matthew Carbis—a jealousy expressed in boyish threats, perhaps meaning nothing, but which, to her eyes, looked full of cruel death and murder.

All this she read, and folded it again with untrembling hand, half-smiling to herself at the folly in Mr. Lanyon, which had kept untouched these records of the guilt of his daughter's husband. Next she searched beneath the faded paper for other proofs, and found a few blotted lines written by her father, and sent to Mr. Lanyon by the hand of Michael Polgrain.

"You have taken my life," he said, "to save your intended son-in-law. I demand, in return for my blood, an asylum for my child. I bequeath her to you; and as you act to her, so may she reward you. Believing you will not refuse my last request, I die in silence. And if you would know what that means, ask of Michael Polgrain, who struck Matthew Carbis down, and then fled like a coward, to leave a brave man to die for him.

"One word more and I have done: Vengeance sleeps, but it does not die. When all is most prosperous with you—when you have married the idol of your worldly heart to the man for whom she pines in girlish ambition and sickliness, and all smiles in careless ease around you, then the blow will fall. And here, in prison, with the mist of death before my eyes, I see whose hand will strike it.

I have nothing to leave my daughter, except a few family papers, useless to all but her. They are in my desk,—give her that when she is eighteen, and if you are generous, leave the book untampered with and untouched till her hand opens it. If you do not succor my child, Michael Polgrain promised me he will not be silent, though I am."

"The last words of this letter struck Madeline's heart with a double stab. In selfishness and fear Mr. Lanyon had given her an asylum, and to gain her this home, to ensure her a refuge, her father had died, and "made no sign." This thought brought to her spirit the terrible doubt that perhaps it was for her her father had resolved to die, to give her this rich, prosperous home, and save her from poverty and all its suffering. The fear half stifled her; a cry burst from her, a dreadful cry, and falling on her knees, she laid her white face upon the desk, and clenched her hands in frenzied anguish.

At that instant a hand knocked sharply at her door, and starting up, Madeline, in a strange voice, unlike her own, demanded who was there.

"It is I—Agatha Crehylls," was the hurried, angry reply. "Open the door instantly, Miss Sylvester! You have taken my father's desk from his room, and he is asking for it."

CHAPTER XVI.

Bewildered and fevered by her new born jealousy, Lady Crehylls had quitted her husband, bent on speaking to her father of her fancied wrongs. But after a burst of tears in her own room, when she came to his bed side and looked down on his pale, pinched face, she felt it would be cruel to pour her griefs into his weary ears now in his weakness, and she wisely held her peace. Still, it was intolerable that Madeline should dare complain of her to Geoffrey, and the rebuke he had administered, prompted, as it was, by her, rankled in her heart, firing all her veins with a dull, miserable pain. She was an only child, and ever since she could remember, her will had been a law to the household, and the love of her father and of her husband had been as a wall to her on either side, sheltering her from every sorrow. Were these beaten down now, and was she left alone and unsheltered in the cold world? Was her grief nothing? Were her tears to be looked at carelessly?—tears so precious once that these two men, whose idol she was, would have given all the substance of their house to spare her the pang of this salt rain. Through indulgence, and love, and unchecked prosperity, her thoughts took a morbid cast, and she wept for self-pity long and bitterly. Her father's idolatry had weakened her; she was unfit for grief, and she broke down before it, like a flower without root. A woman less gentle, less timid, less generous by nature, would have grown hard and selfish under the indulgence of every fancy; but she only became more child, more weak, more unfit to form a judgment for herself, or take a single step in life without helping hands on either side. Thus, when the torment of jealousy struck her, her first feeling was amazement and terror. What! was there sorrow in the world for her, and no ready help at hand to take the burden instantly from her heart? She wanted to be soothed, caressed, comforted, and this sorrow lifted from her soul at once, as all other sorrows had been ever since her childish feet had run among the flowers. But there was no voice to comfort her, no hand to help her. Geoffrey was careless and changed, and she must not speak of her grief to her father, lest he should be too feeble to bear it. When he was well he would help her. Yet, in her impatient weakness she felt she could not wait for this time, suffering as she was, and the thought struck her that she might look at those letters of Geoffrey's to Madeline, and to solve her doubts and find peace. By and by, when her father was well, she would tell him she had opened his desk, and he would excuse her. Indeed, the matter scarcely took, to her, the shape of an offence needing excuse. To her father all things she did were well done, and so would this deed be also. "I shall find a key somewhere to unlock it," she said to herself, as her eyes wandered around the room in search of the desk. Then she found it gone, and a suspicion that her husband had taken it struck at her heart cruelly.

"Father, I do not see your desk here," she said, trying to speak carelessly.

"My love, I had it a minute or two ago," he answered, "and Madeline put it back for me. You had better ask her where she placed it. I don't like to miss my desk."

No suspicion of the truth had touched him.

"Has Madeline put it away?" exclaimed his daughter, as the instant conviction flashed upon her that the desk was now in her possession. Then she hurried from the room, thinking as she went, "Ah! those were no letters to a child. My father is deceiving me out of pity." And indignation roused her tones to unwonted anger as she clamored at Madeline's door for admittance; but Madeline locked the desk deliberately, and placing it in her half-packed trunk, she locked that as well before she set the door open, and looked straight into the pale, agitated face of Lady Crehylls. Madeline too was pale; but what a difference between the whiteness of her resolute face and the pallor of the timid woman, who, frightened at her own anger, stood before her half tearful and shrinking.

"Give me my father's desk, Miss Sylvester," she said, in a quick, nervous voice.

"I have no desk belonging to Mr. Lanyon," answered Madeline, stepping back to let Lady Crehylls pass, as she entered and gazed round the room with anxious eyes.

"Have you not taken it from my father's room?" she asked in the same quick, angry way.

"I took what belonged to me, not to him," said Madeline. She could not help the contempt that rang out in her voice, or the scornful pity in her eyes. It was for the sake of this poor, weak, fearful idol, Mr. Lanyon had slain her father; it was for the sake of this weeping, whimpering woman that she, Madeline, had been forced all her life long to live beneath a lie, and hide her name as shameful, when there was no shame in it. To keep tears from the eyes of this poor, spoiled, peevish child, Mr. Lanyon had basely put another's crime upon her father's head, and taught his daughter to hate him, and shudder at his memory.

With this great injustice binding her like an iron chain, that eats into the soul, Madeline spoke those few words calmly, with a strength of bitterness impossible to describe, while her wounded heart, speaking in her eyes, made them wonderful for indignant sorrow.

"Yours!" exclaimed Lady Crehylls—"yours! Is that your answer? Why, my father has had that desk for years."

"And for years he has done a wrong, and kept it from its lawful owner," said Madeline. "It was my father's once, and, dying, he bequeathed it to me."

"I know nothing, and desire to know nothing of your father," returned Lady Crehylls, a little scornfully. "I have always been made to understand that Mr. Sylvester was a person of whom it would be wise not to speak."

"It would be wise in you if you would be silent now," said Madeline, holding down her mighty anger like a rock, held back in a giant's hand.

"Shall I crush a shaking leaf?" she murmured to herself. "No—let me be just—she is not the criminal. When I strike, I will strike the guilty."

"But I cannot and will not be silent," cried Lady Crehylls, bursting into a flood of pitiful tears. "I know there are letters of my husband's in that desk."

"I do not deny it," answered Madeline.

"Are you so daring?" exclaimed the wretched wife. "I insist on your giving those letters to me."

"No, we are told even in justice to remember mercy," said her antagonist. "I will not give them to you, Lady Crehylls."

The unhappy lady started up wildly, wringing her hands together.

"You are afraid to let me see them," she cried. "They are addressed to 'Madeline'—'my beautiful Madeline.'"

"Again, I do not deny it," returned Madeline, calmly. "It is the least of your sorrows that they are so addressed, Lady Crehylls."

"You are shameful—you are infamous," cried the wife, in a voice rent by sobs.

For the first time during this passionate interview, the color rose into Madeline's marble face.

"Are you utterly mad, Lady Crehylls," she asked, "that you dare use this language to me? Do you know I hold your husband's very life in my hands, and if I do justice to myself, you will behold his face no more on earth?"

Lady Crehylls answered by a cry of dismay and anguish.

"Is it come to this?" she said. "Is your power so great over him? I will go to my father instantly—I will tell him all you have said."

"No," said Madeline, barring the way resolutely. "You will not do that, your words would kill him. In spite of this great flood of bitterness there is still some remnant of old affection lingering in my heart, and I entreat you to spare him, as all his life long he has spared you."

Lady Crehylls looked at her wildly; blinded by her own jealousy, she understood nothing of her words but misinterpreted them all.

"Will you leave my house?" she said. "On that condition I will not speak to my father. One roof cannot cover us both."

"I am going to-night," returned Madeline, mournfully. "I am going almost at once. And if with this poor unwilling hand of mine, I draw down utter wreck and ruin upon your head—if through me, you and your husband are separated for ever, believe me, I cannot help it. Circumstances are too strong both for you and me. I told you so once. I say it again now with tenfold cause."

Madeline stopped, for Lady Crehylls had fainted, and lay on the ground white and senseless. She looked at her with a deep commiseration, which for a moment forgot all wrongs, then she turned resolutely away from the sad sight.

"I must do justice if it kills her," she said to herself. "It will be her father and her husband who will be her slayers—not I."

Then she called Lady Crehylls's maid, and saw her carried to her own room and laid upon the bed, and stooping over the insensible face, she laid her hand for one moment on her brow.

This was her farewell of Agatha Crehylls. In her superb pride and innocence, Madeline had never guessed at her jealousy, and many a long and sorrowful year passed away before she knew it.

Returned to her own room, Madeline sat down face to face with her grief, and shrinking from the task before her, the thought came to her mind, that she ought to seek some other proof beside her father's letter. She would see Michael Polgrain and force him to speak, and until she had had this interview she would delay to strike. She would go and ask one of the servants where his sister's cottage was, and how far it was from the castle. Passing down the great staircase for this purpose, she saw Michael himself in the hall, a prisoner, with Lord Crehylls and four rough men standing near him.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Some men from the coast-guard station wish to see you, my lord!"

Lord Crehylls was reading, or pretending to read, and he looked up from his book with an expression of intense annoyance.

"What do they want?" he said, sharply.

"They have a prisoner with them, my lord," returned the servant, "and I believe they want to hand him over to the village constables to take him to Bodmin Jail."

"Let them take him there themselves, and be hanged," said Lord Crehylls.

The servant took a step towards the door, then stopped. "My lord," he said, "the prisoner is Michael Polgrain."

Lord Crehylls uttered an oath, and flung the book from him with an angry hand.

"I warned Michael of this a week ago," [illegible]. "Confound the fellow! Why couldn't he leave off smuggling?"

As he spoke he hurried out of the library and across the hall into the justice-room, where he guessed the men to be. Here he confronted four rough, weather-beaten veterans of the Preventive Service, and, standing in the midst of them, the calm figure of Michael Polgrain, with dead-white face unmoved.

"My lord," said the spokesman, pulling hard at a lock of grey hair which hung on his forehead, "there was a bit of a scrimmage this morning just before sunrise, 'twixt two of our men and a boat's crew of the darndest lot of smugglers on this coast, and they got clear off to their boat, except this chap here, who seemed blinded like by the sunrise, and so fell over a rock, and was cotched. You see the others were too many for us, and when they seed their comrade in our hands they were for coming back to fight for him; but sighting eight or ten of our men running down the path from the cliff to help us, they sheered off. And we've kept this here chap at the coast guard all day, your honor—my lord; but our leftenant have heerd as how he's the cap'en of the gang, and one of our spies has been round to tell us as they mean to attack us to-night to get 'un back. So his honor, Mr. Broad, our leftenant, sends him down to you, my lord, so as if you'll be so good as to make out a warrant like for 'un and put 'un safe in Bodmin Jail."

"No," said Lord Crehylls, shortly. "If your lieutenant yields him up from his own hands into mine, I can tell him, that I have no power to commit a man to prison unexamined, and with no charge brought against him."

"My lord, your worship," said the sailor, "the charge is, as we cotched him landing kegs of brandy on the shore. And Mr. Broad would lodge him in jail, as he've got a right to do, only he can't spare none of we to go. We've heerd from a sure hand, that the new craft, which this here man is master of," and he jerked his thumb at Michael, "is to be in a certain cove to-night, and since most all the crew be coming up to attack we, why we means to give 'em the slip, and take that there craft easy. I don't mind saying this before him," he added, with another jerk of the thumb; "because why, you see, he's got the bilboes on, so he can't do no mischief anyhow."

Here a brother veteran nudged him on the shoulder.

"You've spun a long yarn, Joe," he remarked, grimly; "when you might so well have spared your breath, and let our cap'en's letter tell it himself."

Thus admonished, the man wiped his forehead, in a burst of perspiration at his own forgetfulness.

"I'm darned if I remembered the letter," he observed, confidentially to his friend. But producing it now with great difficulty from the tight pocket of his tight trousers, he handed it to Lord Crehylls.

The letter contained merely a polite request, that his lordship would either send the smuggler on to Bodmin, or place him in safe custody for that night, as from certain information he had received he knew a rescue would be attempted, and all his own men would be required on dangerous service, he could not spare any of them to guard the prisoner.

The intense irritation which Lord Crehylls felt, betrayed itself in his tone and manner, as he turned towards the preventive men.

"I am not going to make my house a jail," he said, angrily. "Lieutenant Broad must look to his prisoners himself."

On hearing this, the men shuffled about, as uncertain what to do, and Michael Polgrain for the first time looked earnestly and pleadingly into his foster-brother's face. Lord Crehylls flushed deeply, and shook his head with an almost imperceptible movement.

"Some people will take no warnings," he said, hurriedly. "I have told the constables they ought to have a lock-up in the village; but since there is none there, I don't see what is to be done."

"I think the man would be safe enough in the strong room, my lord," observed an unexpected voice.

The speaker was Grylls the butler—a man who had been thirty years in the service of the Crehylls family, and was therefore privileged to speak. This remark secretly annoyed Lord Crehylls terribly, but he was unwilling to let the bystanders perceive his irritation. He was not a ready man in an emergency, not a man of strong will: essentially a fair-weather man, who in trial, in storm, or in danger, would break down weakly, and obey the first determined voice. Thus, while he hesitated, irresolute, the rough-and-ready sailor caught at once at the butler's offer.

"If you've a strong room here," he said, "it's all as one, as good most as the hold of a ship; and with the bilboes on, you see, he'll be harmless as a baby. So if his lordship's worship will give the word, we'll stow him away at once; and in the morning, when we've got all the rest of his crew in irons, we'll come and fetch him, and march 'em all off to Bodmin together."

"Dear me! now will you?" asked Grylls, with an innocent look of surprise. "How will you do that?"

The veteran, who was an infant of some sixty years, grinned delightedly, and winked at his companion Joe.

"My partner here can tell you," he said. "He's a better hand at a yarn than me."

"Well, it's like this here," observed Joe, complacently. "They leaves their craft, with only two men and a boy aboard of her, while they all comes ashore to [illegible] their cap'en—[illegible]—and meanwhile we boards the craft, d'ye see? and takes her. Then, when the crew creeps back, we seize 'em as they come up the side, and clap the bilboes on 'em comfortable."

"A very capital arrangement," said Lord Crehylls, with a laugh, "if your commander can only carry it out, but I'm afraid he takes too many into his confidence for that."

"I suppose, my lord," interposed Grylls, "the sailors can put this man in the strong room."

It was noticeable that Grylls said "this man," as though Michael were a stranger to him, and the preventive men, who came from a station some dozen miles away, evidently concluded such to be the case. They were in perfect ignorance of Michael's connection with the Crehylls family; and when Lord Crehylls had given his consent unwillingly to this disposal of their prisoner, they departed promptly, with a promise to return as early as possible on the following morning.

Grylls paced after his master to the library, and placed the key of the strong room on the table.

"It is a good thing, my lord," he observed, cheerfully, "that they brought poor Michael here. I can let him out when it falls dark, and nobody will be the wiser."

"You will do nothing of the kind," answered Lord Crehylls, sternly. "Michael must take his chance; he has brought this upon his own head. I cannot compromise my name and honor by conniving at his escape. You can leave the room, Grylls. That is all I have to say."

"But, my lord," cried Grylls, excitedly, with a face of the utmost dismay, "Michael is your foster-brother, and there won't be a good word said of you for years to come if——"

"Is it of Michael Polgrain you are speaking?" asked a calm voice.

It was Madeline's. She was white as marble, and as composed.

"Will you permit me to speak to him for a few minutes, Lord Crehylls?" she said. "I saw him led away prisoner just now as I stood on the staircase, and I wish earnestly to see him."

Lord Crehylls gazed at her in surprise.

"You make a strange request, Miss Sylvester," he observed. "May I ask why you wish to see Michael Polgrain?"

"When I have spoken with him it will be my sad duty to tell you," she answered.

As she spoke, Lord Crehylls noted the whiteness of her face, and that steadfastness in her demeanor which had something terrible in its calmness, inasmuch as it covered an excitement deeper than any which can be evinced by agitation of manner.

"Miss Sylvester, you are not well," he said. "Let me advise you to sit down."

He offered her a chair, but as he approached her, Madeline drew back, avoiding him with a horror which she could scarcely repress.

"I am quite well. I wish to see Michael Polgrain," she reiterated calmly.

"He is a very formidable fellow," said Lord Crehylls, with a nervous laugh, "a terrible smuggler, and all that sort of thing, you know—not the person exactly for a young lady to visit."

Madeline stretched out her hand towards the large key lying on the table.

"All that matters nothing," she said, mournfully. "Give me the key, Lord Crehylls."

"Really, Miss Sylvester, I am sorry to refuse a lady's request; but I don't see how I can," he replied. "I am responsible for the man's safety, and whatever it costs me I am resolved on delivering him up to-morrow morning to the authorities. It is horribly annoying; it is painful to me beyond expression; but I must do it. Much as I like Michael, it does not become me to sympathize with and aid a smuggler, a constant law breaker."

Madeline listened and held down her impatience with an iron power; she even smiled, half contemptuously at Lord Crehyll's vacillation. It was so evident that he longed to set Michael free, yet could not justify the deed to himself, and so hid his weakness and his pity under a pretence of duty.

"Are you so hard against the law breaker?" asked Madeline, with strange steadfastness. "Well, so am I; and I say that neither sorrow nor affection should hinder us from letting justice take its course. If Michael Polgrain is guilty, let him suffer the penalty of his guilt. I, for one, would not lift a finger to help him to escape. You can give me the key of his prison safely."

Her hard words startled Lord Crehylls. He did not heed their justice, he felt only their strength, and his slumbering affection for Michael aroused itself to defend him.

"I cannot say that Polgrain is very guilty," he said. "Smuggling is popular; it suits the adventurous spirits of the Cornish. And all along the coast the people sympathise with the smuggler, and give him practical aid as well."

How Madeline listened to him, she knew not; how she held her agony silent, she could not tell; yet she did, and looking at him, she wondered at his puerile talk—she wondered he did not feel, and see the dreadful hand, which held the sword above his head.

"What does it all matter?" she asked, a little wearily. "Lord Crehylls, I want to see Michael Polgrain on a subject of great [illegible] key?"

[illegible]

"You are [illegible] too heavy for your hands." But Grylls had long ago left the room, so Lord Crehylls went himself down the long passage, Madeline following him, and stopping before a stout door, iron plated, he unlocked it, and admitted her to the presence of Michael Polgrain.

"You can wait for me," she said quietly, as she entered; "I shall not be long."

CHAPTER XVIII

The interview between Madeline and Michael Polgrain was short, and as the heavy door turned again on its hinges, Lord Crehylls heard him say, "Don't talk of law, Madeline, or of justice, but have mercy, as you hope for mercy yourself."

Madeline did not answer him, and she passed Lord Crehylls with a face so white and cold that it seemed of snow or marble.

"Will you follow me to the library?" she said, bending her head to him slightly as she went by.

He had not time to reply before Michael had seized him by the hand.

"Let me go free," he whispered eagerly. "In another hour or two it will be too late."

With a flush of vexation over all his face, Lord Crehylls withdrew his hand from Michael's grasp.

"My dear Michael, I really cannot," he said, angrily. "Don't distress me by another word. You will not change my resolution, so you only pain me and yourself."

Here, with an oath against the whole Preventive Service, Lord Crehylls would have closed the door, but Michael held it back with the strength of a giant.

"See here, my lord," he said, gently, "I have not stepped within your threshold for twelve years, and I am in your house a prisoner. You will not keep me so?—you must not. You will be ruined if you do not let me go."

"I shall be ruined if I do," returned Lord Crehylls, with increased anger.

"You have often made it a reproach to me that I accepted no favor at your hands," said Michael, "and now I ask you one, you refuse me."

"I tell you, man, I cannot help it," cried Lord Crehylls, with infinite distress. "All I could do for you I did, when I had those cursed irons knocked off."

"Good Heavens!" cried Michael, "could you bear irons,—could you bear a prison,—could you bear a judge's sentence?"

"Hardly, Michael," returned Lord Crehylls, with a wistful smile.

"Neither shall you," returned Michael, with quiet strength; and at the same instant Lord Crehylls found himself on the floor, pinned there by Michael's sinewy hand. "Remember what I told you of the *Penkivel*," he whispered, eagerly. "Come to my sister's to-night."

With this he sprang down the long, unfrequented passage, and before Lord Crehylls could rise, he heard the slam of a distant door, which told him Michael Polgrain was free. His first feeling was infinite annoyance, then came a sort of rueful amusement at his own discomfiture, and lastly, a genuine sense of relief and pleasure at his foster brother's safety.

"Half crazy as he is, Michael won't let himself be caught again," he said, as he went towards the library. "I expect he'll save that craft of his, the *Penkivel*, yet."

He entered the library with a half smile on his lips, but this was checked instantly as his gaze fell on Madeline. She was standing in the middle of the room, pale and steadfast, and in her outstretched hand she held an old faded letter.

"Is this your handwriting, my lord?" she said, calmly.

Even at this lapse of time he recognised the boyish scrawl of one of the letters written to her mother, and all the agony of that sad passion, that youthful, mournful, mad love, struck at his heart again.

"How did you get that letter?" he asked, in broken accents.

"I found it, with many others, in my father's desk," she replied. "Lord Crehylls, I demand to know in what foreign land you left my mother to die."

He looked at her with face aghast and blanched to deadly whiteness.

"I know not what you mean, Miss Sylvester. I am in utter ignorance of Mrs. Sherborne's fate. You do me an injustice, and you do your mother a cruel wrong, when you make such a demand of me."

This was his answer; but it struck upon unbelieving ears, and Madeline's lip curled unconsciously with contempt and anger.

"I do not expect you to reply truthfully to such a question," she said, in her coldest tones. "I am a fool to ask it."

Lord Crehylls bit his lip, and a sudden color rose to his face.

"If you were a man, Miss Sherborne,"—he gave her name unwillingly,—"I would answer you," he said, "and in a way very different to this."

"I am only a girl," she returned, "but you will find I am not without courage. Lord Crehylls, for many days past you have treated me like a criminal, or the daughter of a criminal, when, as you know full well, I am neither. I pass over that: and though I look on you as my bitterest enemy, I pass over that also. But for you my mother deserted her husband; for your crimes my father died; and these things I will not pass over. Woman as I am, you will see I am not too weak to demand justice."

She walked to the door, but Lord Crehylls sprang forward, and stood there first, barring the way.

"Of what do you accuse me?" he said. His face was colorless, his lips pale and trembling.

"I accuse you of the murder of Matthew Carbis," she answered. "I accuse you of cowardice and treachery double-dyed, inasmuch as you fled with the wife, and left the husband to suffer for your crime, and perish in your stead."

"It is false!" he cried. "On my life and soul, this accusation is false!"

Madeline looked into his shrinking face with withering contempt.

"Your life and soul?" she said. "What are both worth? What a lie your whole life has been! Fair-seeming, happy, careless, and prosperous, you have accepted homage from all the world, while your soul was black with guilt. I will unmask you to this blind world, Lord Crehylls. I will show these silly worshippers of rank and wealth, the true shape of the idol, to whom they have bowed. All that is good and beautiful, true and pure, will leave you to the punishment you merit. Why, even now your wife lies weeping on her bed, struck senseless by only the faint hint I gave her of the truth."

"My wife!" repeated Lord Crehylls, in wild dismay. "What have you said to her?"

"Only this: that what I do, I cannot help doing," said Madeline, and her voice dropped to a tone of anguish. "Lord Crehylls, save your life; that is all I dare say to you," she continued, vehemently. "I want justice, not revenge. The law would murder you, I won't. But neither will I let you remain here, in the possession of every prosperity the world can give—that would be rank injustice, and I will not suffer it."

"Miss Sherborne," said Lord Crehylls, "I cannot understand your words; they pass over my brain, and bring me no meaning. I once struck Matthew Carbis; I never killed him."

"No?" said Madeline, returning to her calm tone, half in scorn, half in bitterness. "And yet I come to you with no uncertain speech. I did not take the evidence alone of the reckless, injured, desperate man whom your deed drove to suicide—no! I went to Michael Polgrain, and asked him if the dreadful tale was true, before I dared bring against you an accusation which drags you down to the lowest depths of misery and crime——"

She stopped, for there was a change on the face of Lord Crehylls, which appalled her. He seemed struck with some deadly fear, and staggering, he leant against the wall like a man seized with sudden sickness. Hitherto he had listened to her in amazement, and if his face was pale, it had not looked like the whiteness of fear, but now on all his features there stood a stony terror fixed and dreadful.

"What did Michael say?" he gasped forth in a faint voice. "What did you ask him?"

"I asked him if you had struck down Matthew Carbis in the wood of Crehylls, and he answered yes."

"But not killed him?" broke in Lord Crehylls hurriedly.

"Killed him!" answered Madeline, steadily. "And you fled from England the same day. You know what happened next—you know by what a cunningly devised plot Walter Sherborne was made to suffer for your deed—you know that in three years you returned hither unscathed to marry Agatha Lanyon, and live your free and careless life, while one victim lies in a felon's grave, and the other, if living, wanders an outcast in some foreign land."

As she ceased her face took an expression of disgust, and weariness, and loathing unutterable, and she turned her eyes from him with a deep shudder.

"You wrong me," said Lord Crehylls, hotly. "You have no right to judge me in such a hasty way."

This roused her.

"Wrong you!" she cried. "Do you dare speak of wrong to me—to the daughter of Walter Sherborne? Can you fathom the depth of suffering you have inflicted on me from childhood to this day? No, you cannot gauge it. Free, easy, and careless man that you are, you have lived your selfish life without a thought."

"If all you say of me were true," he answered, "my life would indeed be selfish and careless."

Madeline did not heed him; her words swept over his words like the rushing down of many waters.

"You question my right to judge you," she said. "I assert I have a right. By all the wrongs heaped upon my father, by his despair and death, by his lost name, buried unjustly in infamy, I claim the right to be your judge. By all the sufferings poured upon myself; by all the bitterness, blight, and mildew hanging on me now; and by all the misery and shame beneath which my mother's life lies hid, I assert I have the right to judge you."

"Hear the truth first," cried Lord Crehylls. "I repeat, I am innocent of the charges you bring against me. Your mother's face I have never seen since the day I quitted England; and if the random blow I gave Matthew Carbis killed him, Heaven knows I went away unwitting of the fact."

"Do you expect me to believe you?" returned Madeline. "Things look too black against you, Lord Crehylls. And I have been deceived too long to believe anything a Lanyon or a Crehylls can tell me now."

"Ah, Mr. Lanyon is indeed to blame," exclaimed Lord Crehylls, catching at her words. "If he knew the truth, he should have recalled me instantly. He should not have permitted an innocent man to suffer unjustly. As for me, if what you say be true, it was but homicide at the worst."

"Homicide!" repeated Madeline. "If it were that then, what is it now, when Walter Sherborne lies beneath the stones of a prison yard? I weary of these excuses, these shufflings of your crime on others. And as for Mr. Lanyon—I have been cheated into loving him, and he is old—I will spare him if I can."

For one instant her steadfast calm broke down, and she put her hand upon her eyes, wiping the tears hastily that sprang to them.

"Now, hear my resolve," she continued, steadying her voice into a cold, hard tone. "I am a girl, not afraid to do justice myself, young as I am; and my right here to do it is incontestable. I give you your choice of two things: Exile yourself for ever from England, and from home, or to-morrow morning I go to the nearest magistrate and charge you with the murder of Matthew Carbis. Nor will this be the sole charge. I must denounce you and Mr. Lanyon both as guilty of a vile conspiracy to fix the guilt of this crime on my father."

As she spoke, a tide of horror rushed over the heart of the young man who listened to her. He was essentially a weak man, not ready and prompt in an emergency, and sense and courage failed him now. The pain and shame of such a charge; the difficulty, perhaps impossibility, of proving himself innocent; the agony of his wife, the disgrace of Mr. Lanyon; all rushed over him in a grievous flood, drowning resolution and hope.

"How long a time will you give me to decide?" he asked, in a faint voice.

"Until to-morning morning at eight o'clock," she said, firmly. "And I repeat, it is not my wish to give you up to the law—the laws of this land are murderous, they will slay you. And I do not forget I have eaten of your bread, and sat at your board. Cruel as you have been to me and mine, I do not desire your death, or the ruin of all you love—I am willing to spare them—above all, I am willing to spare Mr. Lanyon, and for his sake I would spare his daughter also."

Her voice broke, and ceased, leaving her lips apart and quivering.

Lord Crehylls was so shaken in soul, that he found no words in which to answer, but, bewildered, and silent, he stood gazing at her in blank despair.

"It is fair to myself," she continued, rallying her strength and speaking with inexpressible pathos, "that I should tell you what I renounce on my part, when I take justice into my own hands, and spare you all the rigors and pains of the law. I renounce for ever the dear hope of clearing my father's name—I renounce also my love, and the man, who has given me his true heart—I go forth into the world solitary, hiding your guilt in my own breast—I do this, because, unproved, I would scorn to speak of it. I leave you your fame and your name—two blessings never mine; I take from you your love and your home—two blessings I shall never, never have. I have finished. Now tell Michael Polgrain, when you see him, that I have listened to his words, and in my justice I have remembered mercy."

"Till eight o'clock to-morning, did you say?" said Lord Crehylls, lifting his head from his clasped hands.

Madeline bowed silently in assent, and left him as quietly as a shadow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Franking Privilege.—Martha Washington was the only woman who ever enjoyed the franking privilege in this republic. April 3, 1800, after her husband's death, Congress gave her free use of the mails during the rest of her life.

Paper Collars.—Paper collars were first patented in 1854, but until 1859 met with little favor; in that year 1,500,000 were manufactured. In 1877, 300,000,000 were made, an average of more than one box for every man, woman and child in the country.

A very handsome skating rink has been erected in a fashionable part of Washington, and is now regarded as quite the thing in fashionable circles. The foreign legations people are delighted with the novel amusement, and it has become the swell place of the city.

The Penalty of Ignorance.—Portugal has but one university, Coimbra, founded in 1200. It has 70 instructors and 1,100 students. There are 2,450 elementary schools, and parents whose children cannot read and write by 15 lose their political rights.

Female Warriors.—The King of Siam has a body guard of female warriors. It is composed of four hundred girls, chosen from amongst the strongest and most handsome of all the ladies in the land. At the age of thirteen they enter the service, and remain in it till they are twenty-five, when they pass into the reserve. Their weapon is the lance.

An Eastern Lullaby.—In a collection of Eastern melodies recently published is to be found, among other thing, one of the most graceful and original lullabies in existence, in which the mother promises to her child "the city of Alexandria done in sugar, Cairo in rice, and the whole of Constantinople to reign over for three years."

A Strange Prediction.—An old negress who passed among the ignorant of her race as a soothsayer, once told Mr. Calhoun that no one whose name began with the letter "C" could ever be President. An Ohio newspaper recalls this incident, and cites the names of Clinton, Calhoun, Clay, Crawford, Cass, Chase, among the dead, and Conkling among the living, to verify the prophecy.

Reading with the Lips.—It is related that a blind girl, residing in France, had for many years perused an embossed Bible with her fingers, but becoming partially paralyzed, the sense of touch in her fingers was lost. Her agony of mind at the deprivation was great, and in a moment of despair she took up the Bible, bent down her head and kissed the open leaf, by way, as she supposed, of a last farewell. In the act of doing so she felt the letters distinctly with her lips. From that day to this she has thus been reading the book.

HOAR FROST.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH.

Hardly more beautiful are woods and trees
In summer's gay exuberance than now,
Brightening at sunrise, while a gentle breeze
Plays through the ringlets gracing Nature's brow,
And kindling radiance glows o'er hills and leas.
The short-lived glory of the glittering rime
Illumes the weeping willow and white birch
With rich fantastic forms, and the tall lime
Is robed in affluence, while the ivied church
Wears jewels as it rings the morning chime.
The crisp white clothing, elegantly chaste,
Melts into diamonds exquisitely bright,
Flashing in sunshine brief—but falls in haste,
Thawed into genial rain-drops, pure as light.

In the Cloak Room.

BY M. D.

There was mistletoe everywhere at Harbingdon Hall; it had even found its way into the cloak-room, where the gaselier was full of it.

It was Christmas Eve, so of course the mistletoe had a right to be there, but I don't think it ever hung over anything more fierce-looking that night than the face of Colonel Verschoyle, a great tall soldier-like, brown-bearded, brown-faced hero from Abyssinia.

Colonel Vivian Verschoyle, C.B. and V.C., had done his country good service, and laurels had been amply heaped upon him.

His handsome face was as bronzed as it well could be, but all the mischief the African sun had done his complexion had not spoilt the beauty of those dark deep eyes or the perfect symmetry of those noble features.

All the girls about Harbingdon had fallen down before his throne and worshipped; but their adoration was short-lived; it died away with a faint struggle when they heard the gallant Colonel was engaged to be married. It was all up with our hero then! Abyssinia was no longer an interesting topic of conversation, and I don't think the Colonel was considered so handsome as he had once been.

There was a grand entertainment at Harbingdon Hall on Christmas Eve, and Colonel Verschoyle and his fiancee were at it.

The evening was more than half over, and the Colonel was in the cloak room, standing under the mistletoe, looking with great dark angry eyes into the glowing fire.

Let me tell you this brave warrior was very much put out just then, and about as angry as he could be; you could see he had a hot temper, and that something had occurred to render it hotter than ever.

The Colonel was a man who would not stand being trifled with, and he considered that he had been trifled with in the most shameful manner; he was there to learn the cause, and he was waiting for Enid Vavasor to come and render an explanation.

"Meet me in the cloak room in a quarter of an hour," he said to her in a low, determined, hard voice, as she was whirled away in a valse, by a tall dashing young officer, whose name the Colonel did not know, and whose uncommonly handsome face he had not seen until just a few minutes before, when he had caught sight of it in the conservatory, amid orange trees and camelias, in very close proximity to the lovely laughing lips of Enid Vavasor.

The storming of Magdala was nothing to the fierce war in the heart of Vivian Verschoyle as he witnessed that kiss.

This great, strong, noble hearted man had given all his pure true love to that girl, and she had made a fool of him.

She was long in coming. He pulled furiously at his great tawny beard in his restless impatience, and yet he had not made up his mind what he was to say to her, though he felt that a girl who could act as Enid had acted that night was no fit wife for him.

He was bitterly disappointed in her, for he believed her to be all that was pure and womanly, having a lively aversion to the fast, free "girl of the period."

They had been engaged about a month, and her father's estate joined Harbingdon, where Colonel Verschoyle was now staying on a visit to Lord Wenborough.

Enid Vavasor was the only girl in a family of nine sons, most of whom were in the army, and she was the very idol of her doting parents.

Ha! she was coming now—and Vivian Verschoyle turned his haughty face towards her as she passed through the door of the cloak-room.

A little mischievous smile parted her coral lips. For a moment she looked about to laugh outright; but she controlled herself; and looking up with a dancing light in her blue eyes, she asked:

"What is the matter?"

Now our Abyssinian hero did not expect this effrontery, so he came to the point at once with soldier-like brevity.

"Enid Vavasor, you are a coquette—and—I won't stand it! I will not be trifled with!"

Of course he meant to say much more, and make a longer speech, only the pretty face looked so mocking that he stopped short in abrupt attempt.

She came a step nearer, and for some minutes they stood there under the great bunch of mistletoe together.

"What have I done?" she asked.

The lovely laughing eyes were raised inquiringly to his, but as he felt the spell her beauty was casting over him he grew more fierce.

"What have you done? What you shall never have the chance of doing again—made a fool of me!" he thundered forth, his generally clear voice thick with passion.

Remember, the Colonel was madly in love and bitterly disappointed, and the storm in his breast, as I told you before, was even hotter than the storming of Magdala.

"I don't see how that can be," said Enid with provoking calmness, going up to the fire-place and putting her tiny white-slippered foot on the fender. "If you have been made a fool of, as you say, you must have made yourself one, Colonel Verschoyle."

The pretty lips once more wreathed themselves in that mocking style, and he was beside her in one fierce stride.

"Enid," said he, "you know you have done wrong; you have played with me long enough; but it ends now. Look here!"

She looked up all sweetness and surprise, but I think she shrank a little as she met the blaze of passion in his eyes.

"Look here," he continued. "Since you have found some one else to kiss and flirt with, you can let me go. I have been miserably mistaken; but it can't be helped now, only we had better part. You have shown me plainly enough this evening what you are."

"What am I?" she asked, simply.

"A flirt!" he exclaimed—"a heartless flirt! and we must part."

"Oh yes, if you wish it, I suppose we must," said Enid; "but you have said a hard thing of me,—a thing I have never heard before; and I would not stand it now, only I see you are very angry and don't quite know what you are saying. I never flirted in my life, sir!"

The sweet eyes looked into his, but he was too irate to see their sweetness.

"You let that—that fellow kiss you in the conservatory!" he cried. "What more would you have, or do I need, as a proof of what you are?"

The color came into her cheeks. "Oh then, you saw that, did you?" she said, and she gazed down thoughtfully into the fire.

"Why did you allow it?" he demanded.

"Because—oh, because I like him," she replied; "and then, you see, I stupidly let my maid put a sprig of mistletoe in my hair to-night, and so I suppose he—he couldn't help it."

She was laughing now, and her face was flushing brightly until it looked lovelier than he had ever seen it before.

Almost roughly the colonel seized her round white arm, and the laugh died away on her lips.

"Let me go," she said; "you hurt me; please remember you are not in Abyssynia now, and English people have feelings?"

"Then where are yours, pray?" he cried. "Enid Vavasor, answer me, why have you trifled with me?"

His lips were white with suppressed passion, and though she struggled to free her arm, he held it still.

"You told me you loved me," he said hoarsely.

She smiled faintly as she replied, "I told you the truth, Vivian."

"Then why have you been false to me?" he asked. "Enid, cease this mockery, and tell me what you mean by your conduct this evening?" he added, stamping his foot until the whole room shook.

"Oh, dear, you do frighten me so!" said Enid, shuddering and looking pathetic. "I wish you would be more considerate, and not treat me as if I were a great strong man like yourself, and could fight it out."

He let go her arm with a contemptuous exclamation. She had tried him very much, and as he had said to himself that he was not a man to be trifled with, I think it was wonderful that he kept as calm as he did.

"There is nothing more to be said then; we had better part now, and let the world think what it will of us," he said, in a low cold voice; and Enid, who was watching him keenly, saw how deeply he was roused.

For a moment she hesitated, and a look of contrition passed over her face; the next instant her lip curled with the old expression of laughing derision.

"The world will wonder when they hear that Colonel Verschoyle has jilted Miss Vavasor," she said.

"They will never hear that, and you know it. There shall never a word go forth against you from my lips," he said sternly.

"Then you give me up? May I go away now?" she asked, like a child who had been reprimanded. "Are we to say good-bye here?"

A little white gloved hand was offered to him, and the sweet young face was raised towards his, but his heart was growing bitter against her and her playful coquetry; so he did not take the outstretched hand; he only bowed low and said, "That is the best thing we can do."

Enid Vavasor's eyes rested upon him for a moment as if she were about to speak, and he watched with a heart the quick fierce throbs of which told him she had only to say "forgive me," and she would be his once more; but Enid did not say it; for after that one long wavering look she simply bowed her young head with its crown of holly, and went away, and Vivian Verscholyle was left there alone under the mistletoe bough in the cloak-room. Not long alone, for presently the door was opened quietly, and when he turned, perhaps expecting to see Enid again, he came face to face with the dashing young officer, the cause of all this trouble,—a young man with skin as broken as Verschoyle's own, for he had but lately escaped from Indian suns, and had been but two days an English ground.

* * * * *

In less than a quarter of an hour afterwards you might have seen Colonel Verschoyle with a very different expression on his countenance, hastily searching the great drawing room, his handsome features glowing and a bright color tinging his brown cheeks. He was looking for Enid Vavasor; but he could not find her amongst the merry-makers and dancers. Presently, however, he caught a glimpse of something white in the conservatory, amid the orange trees, and he was there in a moment. He threw himself beside her on the soft, low sofa, imploring forgiveness in tones of earnest entreaty, as though he almost feared to be denied. But it was a very sweet young face that smiled up at him with large loving eyes as he caught her to his heart, saying, "Enid, Enid, my darling, you should have told me that he was your brother!"

A Glasgow paper gives a list of upwards of 150 failures in Glasgow and Scotland directly and indirectly traceable to the stoppage of the City of Glasgow Bank. The total liabilities of the Scotch firms who have been dragged down are $125,000,000. The value of the capital of the Scotch banks on the 1st of October was $120,000,000. The value on November 16 was $95,000,000.

Hats in China.—The confusion which is always apparent in this country in the matter of wearing apparel at the changing of the seasons, is obviated by Government supervision in China. A recent decree of the Governor of Canton gave notice that the wearing of winter hats would begin on the 25th of November.

The Common Level of Need.—Familiarity and an abundance of food will make the most deadly enemies, in animal life, reconciled. Down at Crisfield, Md., on the vast piles of oyster shells accumulated there, rats and cats together help themselves to any stray oysters that they can find, and have even been seen sharing a bivalve out of the same shell.

The Gold of the World.—The value of the entire amount of gold in the world is estimated at nearly $7,000,000,000. It might all be contained in a block 17 feet high, 28 feet wide, and 56 feet in length.

In the Tower.

BY JULIUS COMBE.

Some years ago I had occasion to make a short visit to my old college friend, Maitland, who had settled down as a clergyman in connection with the cathedral of Westchester.

After dinner my friend and I walked out in the dusk of the evening. In the course of our ramble the moon rose. With the moonlight streaming through the colored windows, we sauntered through the ancient cathedral, enjoying the solemnity of the edifice.

As we approached the gates of the choir, Maitland, though accustomed to the place, became singularly silent.

All at once he called on me to notice that we were standing under the main central tower, and that in the vaulted dome overhead was a round black spot.

"You see that dark spot," said he; "it is a covered hole opening up into the tower. It is sometimes used for the hauling up of lead and timber for repairs on the roof. I call your attention to it now, because I am going to tell you something about it by-and-by."

Seated once more at the fireside of my bachelor friend, I listened to what he had to say about the hole in the tower. I will try to repeat his story as he told it to me.

"I suppose it must be about five years ago, soon after I came to the cathedral, that I was engaged one evening in this room, writing, when I had occasion to refer to a book not in my possession, but which I knew to be accessible to me in the cathedral library.

"To procure the work I sallied out with a lantern; and I had not gone very far when I was assailed by a cheery shout from Symes—Geoffrey Symes—an Oxford man, who had there been my junior.

Symes was a little eccentric. He had taken a fairish degree, and might have done well, but, being passionately fond of music, he took to studying the organ; and this had brought him to Westchester as a professed pupil of the organist.

"Symes would not, perhaps, have been called a scientific musician; but he had a wonderful gift of expressing thought and feeling on the organ.

"On this occasion, he seemed to resolve on a display of his powers. Rushing away for a few minutes, he brought little Jim Oxley, son of the verger, to blow the bellows; and, with this mercenary aid, he set to work and produced a voluntary that was altogether marvellous, and the effect of which was enhanced by the darkness. In fact it was so beautiful I was unconscious of anything but the music, and could have stayed there without further thought till the morning.

"I was aroused from my ecstasy by little Jim, who had been blowing the bellows all this time, asking me if he might go home, as his father did not know where he was.

"I let him out; and as the door fell behind him, I heard the low, dying wail of the organ, as Symes struck one or two ineffectual notes, and exhausted its last breath.

"He came down and joined me; and as I was taking up my book and lantern, previous to our departure, he suddenly cried:

"'Hallo! that tower-hole is open. Just fancy looking down through there into the nave.'

"'Yes,' said I; 'I daresay it would be very pretty; in the meanwhile, I am going home, however.'

"'All right,' said Symes. 'Lend me your lantern, and I'll bid you good night.'

"'Why, what are you going to do?' I said.

"'Going up into the tower,' he replied.

"In vain I tried to dissuade him, using every argument to represent to him the folly, the uselessness, the danger of such a proceeding. Good humoredly but obstinately, he threw aside my remonstrance; and when at last I found him resolved, I made up my mind reluctantly, and not in the best of humors, to accompany him on his fool's errand.

"I was little disposed, however, to respond to his lively sallies, as I followed him into the staircase which led to the tower. After some few minutes' ascent we came to a doorway that led over the top of the transept arch under the leads of the roof.

"Begging Symes to look about him and to tread carefully, I passed after him through the darkness into the main tower. To carry out his purpose, Symes now proceeded to crawl up the dome, in order to look down through the orifice. I knew it was of no avail to say anything, so I stood and watched him with anxiety, as he leaned over the verge of the chasm.

"As I gazed, I became aware that immediately above the opening a stout rope was swinging, to which was attached a hook. I remembered that some repairs had been going on for a few days on the roof of the cathedral, and that I had seen one or two rolls of lead wound up through the hole on the previous day. These thoughts were passing through my mind, when Symes, catching hold of the rope, jerked it, to ascertain that it was fastened above, and leaned forward with his weight upon it, as he looked downwards with exclamations of delight.

"'Come up, sir, and see; do!' he cried. 'It's worth all the trouble of a climb.'

"I was just about to creep up, that I might share his gratification, when a sudden whirring, grating sound of wheels above—a gasping exclamation—a scuffling snatch with his feet at the edge of the hole, and before I could move, I saw the poor fellow disappear rapidly through the opening, as the rope uncoiled itself with increasing velocity from the winch overhead. It flashed across me in a moment. The handle of the winch had been imperfectly secured; the jerk and the subsequent weight had overcome the resistance, and trusting wholly to the rope, he had slipped from his footing. But, conceive my horror, when, with a loud jar, the noise of the wheels ceased, and the rope no longer descended.

"Mechanically I crawled up to the edge of the hole and leaned over, thinking to see his crushed body in a ghastly heap before me.

"No! About five-and-twenty feet down, vibrating in sheer space, was suspended my poor friend, at a height of at least fifty feet above the stone flooring of the nave. He was in the very midst of the stream of light that poured through the clerestory windows. In some way or another, he had relieved the strain upon his hands, by getting his leg over the hook at the end of the rope. I called to him to hold fast for a while, and to keep up his courage; but I never shall forget his despairing eyes, nor the hoarse, agonizing whisper that replied:

"'I can't hold on! I'm numbed. Loose the winch! Be quick, for God's sake!'

"Waiting for no further suggestion, I rushed back again to the staircase, and found in the darkness, almost by intuition, the steps which led still upwards, and hastened to mount them, and at length breathless and gasping emerged on the rough uneven flooring of the higher story of the tower. Trembling, I crept carefully forward to the centre of the space, and found the winch standing over an opening corresponding to the one below. I eagerly looked down, and could just see that something was still suspended in the now partially obscured lights. I shouted again and again words of encouragement and hope; but there was no reply. With a sickening thrill, I set to work to examine the winch, and found, as I supposed, that the handle had been entangled in the coils of a rope, from which I had some difficulty in the darkness in extricating it. But once released, I allowed it to revolve slowly, until I felt there was no further strain upon it.

'How I succeeded in getting down without disaster through that perilous labyrinth, I can form no idea, nor have I any recollection. I remember devoutly thanking God, as I stepped out from the door of the transept on to the floor of the nave.

"Here I am, old fellow!" I cried aloud to Symes, and sprang forward into the open space.

"There was no reply. My heart beat violently! Could he have gone home, and left me there? The moonbeams had sloped farther up the building, leaving the centre aisle in deep gloom. Creeping forward in vague terror, I almost stumbled over the body of my friend, apparently lifeless, but still clinging to the rope. With trembling haste, I disentangled his limbs, and drew him on to the mat beside the verger's bench, where I left him for a moment, while I rushed to fetch assistance. But conceive again my blank despair, when I found the door, which shut with a spring, locked, and the key—I couldn't tell where! I had probably laid it down in some forgetful moment, and I was locked in, with a man dying or dead under my charge.

'I shouted; I beat; I kicked upon the door, in the vain hope of being heard by some stray passenger; but there was no house within fifty yards, and I had heard the clock strike ten some time before. Wild with desperation, I ran back to my inanimate companion. I do not know whether you have ever experienced the wave of relief that succeeds the unexpected deliverance from extreme peril; but I assure you that the conviction that poor Symes was not dead, brought me upon my knees, in thankfulness for the mercy that had protected us in such an awful crisis.

"I was overcome with weariness and weakness holding the hand of my unconscious friend, and I almost think that I was dozing, when I heard the sound of an opening door and friendly voices. I cried aloud, and we were at once surrounded with lights, and eager, frightened, inquiring faces, besieging me with questions, which for the time I was altogether unable to answer. Symes, still insensible, was carried to his lodgings on the other side of the green, whither I followed him, and waited for more than half-an hour, until the doctor came and told me that he was partly conscious, but must not on any account be disturbed or excited by seeing anybody. He said he would remain with him through the night, and I returned with anxious thoughts and an exhausted frame, but with a grateful heart, to my own home.

"It turned out that little Jemmy Oxley had been the means of bringing us the help that we had despaired of. My old housekeeper had come into my room here two or three times during my absence, and could not understand my leaving the light burning, if I had intended to be away so long. She went over to Oxley's, and mentioned the circumstance, on which the verger said: "Why, my boy left them in the cathedral an hour ago. And you may depend upon it," added he, "that they've agone and locked theirselves in, and that 'ere young fellow has been and lost the key, and they can't get out!" Which turned out to be pretty nearly the truth. And now let us have some tea.'

'Well,' said I, 'that's an adventure, certainly, and not badly told either. It made me feel very shaky about the knees, when that poor fellow went down the hole. I suppose he got all right again?'

'No; poor man,' said Maitland, with a sigh; 'that is the saddest part of the history. He was dreadfully knocked down for some days, and then apparently recovered his general health, except that he he had lost all his buoyant spirits, looked like an old man, and always seemed to avoid me. He has since gradually sunk into a state little better than idiotcy, which the doctors attribute to the shock to a a highly excitable brain, and declare to be quite hopeless.'

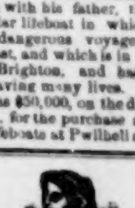
'Poor young fellow,' said I. 'I wonder how far he remembers the circumstances of that night.'

'Very little, you may be sure,' said Maitland.

And so we gradually floated away into the stream of friendly talk upon general subjects, until at a late hour we parted for the night.

The Microphone as a Thief-Catcher.—The microphone as a thief-catcher has proved very useful for an English resident in India who found his store of oil rapidly and mysteriously diminishing. He fixed a microphone to the oil cans, carried the wire up to his bed room, and, after the house had been closed for the night, sat up to await the result. Very shortly he heard the clinking of bottles, followed by the gurgling sound of liquid being poured out, and, running downstairs, he caught a servant in the act of filling small bottles for easy conveyance from the premises.

Henry Thomas Richardson, of Brynhyfryd, Wales, who died recently, was, in conjunction with his father, the inventor of the tubular lifeboat in which he performed a dangerous voyage along the English coast, and which is in use at Ryl and New Brighton, and has been the means of saving many lives. By his will he bequeaths $50,000, on the death of Mrs. Richardson, for the purchase and maintenance of lifeboats at Pwllheli and Deal.



The Tender Glow of Sunrise; touching a snow covered mountain produces a soft auroral tint, and a handsome beauty which has its counterpart in the complexion that owes its charm to Laird's Bloom of Youth. Nature in her most generous mood never conferred a prettier clearness to the skin than this rejuvenating and healthful preparation is capable of producing. Faded complexions speedily resume their pristine [illegible] under its wonderfully restorative action.

TRACED IN SNOW.

BY JOHN G. WATTS.

His eyes had told that story oft,
His lips had ne'er confest,
And she had read in glances soft
Where Love had made a nest;
And in her fond affection, she
Had mirrored back the sign
Which speaks in words more tenderly,
"My heart is ever thine,
My heart is ever thine."

He met her one bright Winter day,
The air was clear though chill,
A pure white canopy there lay
On woodland, mead and hill;
They paused a moment face to face,
Twin souls with bliss aglow;
He bade her watch, and then did trace
Upon the virgin snow,
"My heart is ever thine!"

A Western breeze stole o'er the land,
The tracing disappeared;
Soon Springtide with a generous hand,
The face of Nature cheered;
And when our lovers next drew nigh
To that thrice hallowed spot,
They found a primrose nestling by
A blue forget-me-not,
Each seemed to say,
In its own way,
"My heart is ever thine!"

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XXVIII—[CONTINUED.]

"If you are ill, you will soon be well again; the whole passage does not occupy two hours. You must bear it as other people do."

"I did not think you could be so unkind to me, Owen," she said piteously.

"I am not unkind; but I warn you fairly that I have very little patience with the caprice of woman. As for their other nonsense, I should never bear it. A man cannot be expected to go on honeymooning for ever. That kind of thing is all over now, and we may as well take our proper places. Mine is to be master—and I tell you quite frankly that I intend to be obeyed. Make up your mind to that, and we shall get along all right. Thwart me, and we shall not agree."

They were not very pleasant words for a bride of only a few weeks to hear. She thought over them for some time.

"Felix would never have spoken to me in that fashion," she said to herself. "But I must obey. There is no help for it—he is supreme master."

She was very ill crossing the Channel; but Sir Owen only laughed. Seasickness was a sort of jest to him. He never dreamt that his wife would resent the laughter, but she did. When they landed at Dover, she would not speak to him. He might be master, she said to herself, a hundred times over; but no man should laugh at her.

"You are sulking with me," he said laughingly. "Ah, my Lady Chevenix, you will find that a losing game! I do not think there is a person in all England—man or woman—who can sulk so long or so thoroughly as I can myself;" and that she found to be perfectly true.

Neither of them had the faintest idea of self-control—it was a thing unknown to them—so they reached Garswood without exchanging a word on the journey. Their coming home was quite unexpected; consequently there was no rejoicing. It was night too, and cold. Sir Owen was not well pleased at their reception, although he had expressly forbidden any one to write.

But Violet's spirits rose again when she found herself in the magnificent mansion. After all, her husband might be coarse and bad-tempered, but she was mistress of those superb rooms. This was her house. She was to live in the midst of all this luxury, with troops of liveried servants at her call. Still she did not say to herself now that it was all hers. She was beginning to understand that for her everything depended on the humor of her husband. It was not all hers, but she was at liberty to enjoy it. She was so pleased that Sir Owen recovered his good-humor, and the first evening they spent together at Garswood was perhaps the happiest they ever had there.

On the morrow Sir Owen found a hundred things that required his attention; nevertheless he was thoughtful about his young wife.

"You will like to see your mother and father, Violet," he said. "Order the carriage when you like. I cannot go with you, but I will come for you. You brought some presents for them, did you not?"

"Yes," she answered.

She looked wistfully at him. It was her first visit since her marriage, and she would have liked him to be with her; but she was beginning to understand that she must not interfere with his arrangements. She could not resist saying—

"I should enjoy it so much more if you were with me, Owen."

"Oh, no, you would not!" he laughed carelessly. "You only fancy so. You and your mother will have so much to talk about that I really could not stand it, you know—I could not, indeed. I will be there in the evening, and will drive you back home."

She knew that to say more would be quite useless, so she made the best of the arrangement. After all, there were many delights before her. She had a superb costume, trimmed with costly sable—one of the great Worth's masterpieces—and she was to wear that for the first time. Her heart beat as she thought of the pleasure of driving in her magnificent carriage through the streets of Lilford, dressed in her Parisian costume.

"I hope that I shall meet Lady Rolfe," she said, "Just for the pleasure of cutting her."

She drove at once to the Limes, and was met with the kindest of welcomes.

"I should have gone to meet you, Violet, had I known that you were coming," said Mrs. Haye.

But Lady Chevenix thought that under the circumstances it was just as well she had not come.

They went to the drawing-room together. Francis Haye was more of an invalid than usual that day, and his daughter, on hearing that he was asleep, would not have him disturbed.

"Let us have a long talk, mamma," she said. "I have so much to tell you."

They sat down to exchange confidences, and Mrs. Haye almost trembled with delight as she looked at her daughter.

"How well you looked, Violet!" she said. "What a superb dress, and how it becomes you! Are you very happy, my dear?"

"As happy as other people, I suppose, mamma. I am very rich—and that must mean that I am very happy. It will take me a whole day to show you my dresses and jewels."

"Will you stand up, Violet? I feel quite sure that you have grown; or is it the new style of dress that suits you?"

Violet stood up.

"I have grown, mamma," she answered. "You know I am only just twenty; I may grow taller still."

"You are quite tall enough to be graceful, my dear," said Mrs. Haye; and her eyes lingered proudly on the lovely face with its dainty bloom, so young, so fresh and fair, and on the graceful figure that was shown to such advantage by the costly dress that swept the ground. "You have improved very much, Violet," she added.

In that she was right; Violet had a grace and refinement that gave her an additional charm.

They talked long and not unhappily. Presently Violet produced her presents. Mrs. Haye went into a rapture about a dress of Genoa velvet and some superb Mechlin lace. After that Violet began to inquire about her old friends.

Mrs. Haye had many little facts to relate about all of them.

"Mamma," said Lady Chevenix, with a slight flush of her face, "what do they say in Lilford about my marriage and me?"

"What can they say, my dear? Every one envies you, every one talks about your wonderful marriage."

Violet took up the rich tassels of her dress and played with them. She never raised her eyes to her mother's face.

"But do they—I mean, have they said I did wrong?"

"Wrong!" cried Mrs. Haye. "Why should they? Which of them would not have done the same thing? Which of them would not be pleased to do the same wrong?"

Lady Chevenix looked relieved.

"I was afraid they would say I had acted unfairly," she said slowly. "Mamma, how are the Lonsdales? How is Felix?"

There was a brief silence before the question was answered, and then Mrs. Haye told her wonderful story.

"You have never heard such a change of fortune, Violet," she said; "it is almost as wonderful as your own; I can hardly understand it. The Lonsdales seem to have all the business of the town now, and of the county too. They have—I cannot tell how many clerks; they give grand dinner-parties; and, what seems to me stranger still, they are frequently invited to Bramber Towers."

"We shall visit there, I suppose," remarked Lady Chevenix. "I am very pleased indeed to hear all this, mamma; if any family ever did deserve good fortune, they did. They are recognised by the county now, I suppose?"

"Yes, quite. Lady Rolfe has taken them up. I hear of nothing but the Lonsdales."

There was silence again for some minutes, and then Violet said slowly—

"And Felix, mamma—have you seen him since my marriage?"

"No, not once, my dear," was Mrs. Haye's reply. "I need hardly say that he has never been here."

"Do they say—do you know, if he thought much of it? Did he make a great trouble of it, mamma?" she asked.

"I cannot say," replied the cautious mother; "I have never heard the subject mentioned."

Lady Chevenix was silent again. After a little while she said quickly—

"I should like to ask you one question more. Does Felix—has he found any one else to care about yet?"

"I have not heard so. Violet, my dear, you have every blessing the world can give; do not think about him. And, if you will take my advice, you will not talk about him—Sir Owen might not like it."

"I shall be careful, mamma—I shall not speak of him; but I wanted to hear about him just once."

She said no more then, but as she sat in the familiar room she thought a great deal of him—it was impossible to help it. The quick eyes noted how completely every trace of him had been removed; the books that he had given her, the pictures, were all gone.

"They need not have banished everything," she said to herself.

Presently her father awoke; he was delighted beyond measure to see her looking so well and so beautiful.

Later on Sir Owen came, and they spent a pleasant hour together. But there was a dreamy look on the lovely face, a softened light in the clear eyes; she could not help thinking of the past bright girlish life that had been so simply happy. Felix had been part of that life, and she could not help remembering him when she thought of it.

She enjoyed herself, she laughed and talked, she told gay anecdotes of her triumphs in Paris; but, as she quitted the house, she carefully avoided going near the bare lilac-bushes, or lingered for a moment at the garden gate. As she drove home she said to herself—

"I do not think I shall go to the Limes very often. After all, the pain is as great as the pleasure."

But she did not own what the pain was.

CHAPTER XXIX.

During the next few days Lady Chevenix was occupied in arranging all the beautiful ornaments, pictures, and statues she had brought with her from abroad. She had her own apartment to arrange; she had to superintend the putting away of the superb garments that she had purchased in Paris, of all the things she had brought with her from her home. Amongst the treasures of her girlhood was a small rosewood writing desk. On it she had written all her love-letters; in it she kept every love letter she had ever received; and she remembered now that she had not destroyed them before her marriage, and that she ought to have done so. She was alone in the sumptuous room that was her boudoir—a room hung with blue silk and lace, which had a rich carpet and magnificent furniture of ebony and blue satin; costly pictures lined the walls, rare flowers stood in beautiful *jardinières*. The apartment was perfect in its way, and the golden haired girl who stood in it looked like a fitting occupant.

She took out a little key and opened the desk. How well she remembered the perfume that she had always liked so much! There lay the great bundle of letters tied with blue ribbon—letters on which a life of love and passion had been wasted; there too lay the portrait that Felix had given her when he came home from college—a portrait that had seemed to her one of the finest works of art. She would not open the letters: it would be folly to irritate old wounds. She would burn them; she ought to have burned them before her marriage, but her mind was in such a whirl then she had not thought of it.

She went to the fireplace and stirred the fire into a bright blaze. She had not thought what she was about to do would pain her—it had seemed an easy thing to burn old letters; but, when she placed the first bundle in the midst of the flames, it seemed to her that she was burning a living thing. Alas for the love wasted in them, the passion, the pathos! It seemed to her that she was torturing Felix again; the hiss of the flames was like a reproachful voice. Still it must be done. One after another she threw them all in, until the last was destroyed. By that time the color had died from her face, and her hands trembled.

Then she came to the portrait; of course she must destroy it. And what was that folded so carefully in the tissue paper near it? A spray of lilac, withered and dead! She remembered the day and the hour when it had been gathered. She took the portrait in her hands; there could be no harm in looking at it for the last time. The noble, handsome, frank young face—how she had loved it once! How those eyes had watched her—how those lips had kissed and worshipped her! It must go. She looked at it intently for a few minutes, and then she held it over the flames; but she could not destroy it—she could not see the flames leaping round that face. It was impossible. She locked up the portrait quickly, and locked it out of sight.

White and breathless with emotion, her hands trembling, her heart beating, she looked up suddenly as her husband entered the room.

"What are you doing, Violet?" he cried. "Are you ill? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I have seen one," she replied slowly.

"What have you been burning? The grate is full of burnt paper."

She looked at him with wistful eyes. Their expression did not please him.

"I have been burning all the old letters I found in my writing desk," she replied.

Perhaps she had an idea that he would say something kind her; but he laughed contemptuously.

"What sentimental simpletons women are! Are you going to keep that shabby little desk here? It spoils the room," he said.

"I thought it quite a grand piece of furniture once," she replied.

"Did you? Your ideas have altered on many subjects, no doubt. I came to ask you to ride out with me."

Her head ached with repressed emotion, but she dared not refuse. She had learned one lesson already, and that was that she must keep her husband in a good humor if possible. Now that the novelty and restraint of her presence were wearing off a little, he was beginning to indulge in fits of temper that startled her. She must keep him in a good humor. She dressed and went out with him.

"Why do you always select the Oldstone Road?" she asked him.

"Because I like Oldstone far better than Lilford. Most of my property lies in Oldstone. I intend to go to Oldstone church when I go to church at all, and I shall patronise Oldstone generally."

A painful sense of disappointment stole over her, but she dared not express her feelings. She had pictured herself, in all the pride of her new state, rustling in her costly silks up the old fashioned aisle of her dear old church at Lilford, to which all her old friends went. She would liked to see Felix again, to see how he looked and whether he had altered. She wondered what he would think of her in her new grandeur, and felt curious as to where and how they would meet. Then she remembered their terrible parting, and said to herself that she must not think of him.

She never saw him. She went several times to Lilford—more than once she drove past Vale House; but she never saw him. Then Garswood filled with guests, and her time was no longer her own. She ought to have been perfectly happy. She was mistress of the most magnificent home in the county; she had every luxury the money could purchase; she was *fêted*, admired, flattered; she received unwonted homage. The local papers were full of descriptions of the gaieties and amusements going on at Garswood, and gave a list of the fashionable visitors gathered there; and every now and then came some reference to the great beauty Lady Chevenix. The ladies of the neighborhood, reading this, looked at each other in wonder, as though they would have said, "Can this be the girl we knew as Violet Haye?"

For Lady Chevenix held up her head with the highest amongst them. She never ignored the past—she spoke of it without hesitation; she talked of her home, the Limes, of her parents, of all her old Lilford friends, with the exception of the Lonsdales, whom she appeared to have quite forgotten. But though she never named them she thought of them; and when she read the brilliant account of all the festivities, she knew that Felix would read the same, that he would hear them talked about. One thing she did wonder at, and that was why he had never contrived to see her. She had imagined that he would make some effort, but he had made none. Christmas came and went; the snowdrops and the crocuses came, the blue violets peeped out, and the desire of her heart was given to Lady Chevenix. She went to London and made her *debut* at Court.

Then it seemed to her that she had reached the climax of grandeur. Sir Owen possessed a handsome mansion in Belgravia, and the season they spent in town was one long scene of uninterrupted gaiety and excitement. Young, surpassingly beautiful gracely, Lady Chevenix soon won a place for herself in the highest and most exclusive circles. She was idolised; her wealth, her diamonds, her superb mansion, her grand parties, were subjects of public comment. But after a time she found that, although she was liked and flattered, her husband was simply detested. No one seemed to care for him; his manners were so coarse that when she contrasted him with other men of his own rank and position she was ashamed of him; she read intense dislike and aversion to him in the faces of the people whom she most approved. Thoughtless, laughing young men said to her—

"Come without your husband, or we shall not enjoy ourselves."

When she particularly pressed any lady to come to see her for some special purpose, the answer always was—

"Well, tell me when you will be quite alone and I will come."

She found that Sir Owen and herself were seldom invited twice to the same place, and it dawned upon her very slowly that she should never be what she aspired to be, a queen of society, because she had a drawback in the shape of her own husband. She was slow in reaching that conclusion, but it was a correct one; and she studied him, to find out, if she could, how it was that he made himself so odious, so disliked.

She could not deny that his face was dark and almost sinister looking, that his manner and carriage were awkward, that he had an unpleasant voice; the outward appearance of the man was however the best part of him. No one could have called him a gentleman; he was selfish and brutal, and so egotistical that in company no person ever had a chance of speaking but himself. He had two moods—he was either familiar and boasted until every man present felt a great desire to put him out of the room, or he was so sullen that to look at him was like looking at a great black cloud. That was Sir Owen in his sober moments; but, as the novel restraint of his young wife's presence wore off, he fell more frequently into his old and fatal habit of drinking.

At first he carefully concealed it from her, for in his coarse fashion he loved her. A woman of more noble soul perhaps would have made a better man of him—would have helped him to overcome his bad habits and acquire good ones. The woman who had married him, not for love but simply for his money, had but one thought—it was to keep him in a good temper while it was feasible, and when it was not to keep out of his way.

CHAPTER XXX.

The season was over, and Sir Owen and Lady Chevenix were expected at Garswood. By that time Sir Owen, to use his own expression, was himself again; the novelty and restraint of his new life had worn off, all his natural characteristics were in full play, and there were times when his young wife wished herself dead. She was not often driven to such despair, but occasionally he was terrible. As a whole she enjoyed her life. She had money and everything that she wished for; she enjoyed her magnificent home, with all its attendant luxuries; she was by universal consent queen of the county.

For some time there was ill-will between herself and Lady Rolfe. She did not wish to ask either that lady or her daughter Lavinia to Garswood, but after a few words from her husband she was compelled to give way. She had the good sense to make the best of it, and Lady Rolfe became a frequent visitor at Garswood.

During all this time Violet had never once seen Felix. She had heard of him continually—he was rising rapidly in the world. She heard old Colonel Riddell speak of him one evening when she, with Sir Owen, went over to a formal and stately dinner party at Lady Rolfe's.

"Mark my words," said the Colonel—"the leading man in this part of the world is, or very soon will be, young Felix Lonsdale, the lawyer's son. I have watched him with interest. He will be a leader yet. He acts as the Earl's agent now, and Lord Arlington has implicit confidence in him. I prophesy that with the Earl's interest he will be returned as member for the borough, and that once in Parliament we shall hear of him."

One or two others agreed with the Colonel. The face of Lady Chevenix grew crimson when she heard her husband give a little insulting, sneering laugh. She saw with dread that he had drunk too much wine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DALSTONE HALL.

BY E. J. W.

"If you don't haul up this luggage in two seconds, I'll report you for inattention to orders—confound you!"

The bell had rung, the train was just upon the move, and here stood my five cumbrous boxes before the door of the car, looking very much as if they meant to be left behind. As I uttered this wild expletive, I stepped back, and in so doing accidentally brushed against a young lady standing just behind me. I raised my hat, with an apology, and as I imagined her to be on the same quest as myself, offered my services in assisting her.

"No, thank you," she said, with an amused smile; "they are putting mine in for me very nicely. I don't want to 'confound' them."

There was a mischievous twinkle in the gray eyes and the suppressed laughter lurking in the dimples of the merry face, that restored a man's good humor in spite of himself.

It was the Cattle Show week, and I was going from London, to spend Christmas at my uncle—Sir Mark Dalstone's—country seat, where I had never yet visited. This luggage, that had so engrossed my attention, was of more importance to me than a set of clean shirts or a suit of superfine cloth. If it had comprised no more these, it might have gone to the end of the world for aught I cared; but it was a charge from my mother to Lady Dalstone, of some family jewels that had been reset for her in town; hence my anxiety to see them deposited safely.

Perhaps it was more than by chance that I entered the car in which I had seen Dimples disappear. Yes, there she sat, wrapped up in furs, the only occupant. With a slight bow of recognition I took my seat opposite. He was a clever man who first introduced the missile, the weather, to break the ice of etiquette. That starting point is never thought stale; we go on using it day after day, and shall continue to do so while the world lasts. Glancing across to the detestable book shading her face from my gaze, I ventured, "A lovely day."

"You like snowy weather?" she replied, looking up, with the dimples in full play.

Snowing! what a stupid I was! To say the least I was slightly embarrassed.

"Believe in ghosts?" I said, as I absently opened a number of *Fun*, highly embellished with beautiful caricatures of some startling and extraordinary phenomena.

"Oh, yes,—implicitly," replied Dimples, seriously, looking over the top of Wordsworth, and "speaking of ghosts," she continued, "I have studiously read up all the legends connected with Dalstone Hall,—my destination."

"Your destination?" I interrupted. "Sir Mark Dalstone's, do you mean? Why, that is where I am going."

"Indeed!" said she. Am I then addressing Mr. Percival Lloyd?"

"The same," I replied, handing her my card.

She took out her card case, and I, with eagerness, accepted hers in return. "Miss Louise Cameron"—then she was not a cousin, which I had at first fondly hoped. Who was she, then?

"A visitor like myself, I presume?" I inquired.

She laughed, a gleeful little laugh, and said, shaking her head, "Why, I never paid a visit in my life. I am only a little governess with twenty pounds a year."

"To Sir Mark's children?" I asked.

"To the three younger children," she replied; "I have been to London for a week with my aunt, who is ill."

Suddenly she evinced a disinclination to talk, and I let her have her way, and remained silent the rest of the journey. The miles flew by, and in about another hour we arrived at the station where we were to get out. The chaise was waiting for her, while the family carriage conveyed me to the hall.

Helen and Maud, my cousins, were just what I knew they would be, tall, straight girls, painfully thin, with all the freshness in their face worn out by late hours of both night and morning, though my first evening with the Dalstones passed very pleasantly.

The next morning I accidentally made the acquaintance of Master Harold Dalstone, the eight year-old heir of the establishment, and one of Dimples' pupils. The good report the young gentleman gave me of that lady certainly did not lessen my interest in her.

Amusements of the usual kind filled up the time approaching the great day. It was only by chance—but chance, I confess, I ardently looked for—that enabled me to see Miss Cameron, yet these meetings and short conversations were among the pleasantest episodes of my stay.

At length came Christmas Eve. A few days more, and my visit to Dalstone Hall would be a thing of the past. Was it to leave behind no stronger memories than a gallop across the country with the hounds, a capital day's pleasant shooting, or a night at whist? Yes, I was becoming sure of it, there was infinitely a stronger memory, a deeper pleasure, than those things afforded. I had met some of the prettiest girls in the county the last week, but there seemed no contradistinction between them and other girls. I could never recollect, in the eight-and-twenty years of my life, a similar sensation to that I experienced round the region of the heart when I met the Dimples face to face.

After smoking a reflective cigar in my room this Christmas Eve, I prepared to descend to the library, where I was sure of finding some of the other fellows likewise engaged. It wanted an hour to dinner as I opened my door. Just then bursts of joyous laughter reached me from the room opposite, which was the school room, interspersed with boisterous exclamations from Master Harold, who appeared to be chief participator in some Christmas frolic. One moment of hesitation, and I stood with the handle of the door in my hand, a spectator of the scene. A large comfortable apartment it was, into which my eyes penetrated, with a book-shelf at the far end, the dusk only lighted by the well-guarded fire. The table had been pushed in a corner, and they were having a game at "Blind man's buff." The governess seemed to have been chosen to personate "blind man," for her eyes were tightly bound with a handkerchief, and the children were capering round her, in wildest delight. Master Harold, especially, seemed to enjoy the fun, for his shouts were by far the loudest, and most exuberant.

The children were too much engaged to notice my entrance, for the moment; so, slipping directly in front of the outstretched hands that were groping about, I suddenly dropped on my knee, that my head might be low enough to encounter their touch.

"Caught, Harold! I have you this time," she exclaimed, the while holding my head against her. "What a chase you have given me!"

Her soft hand lay against my cheek, and, in the rapture of the moment, I caught it and pressed it to my lips. Another second and the bandage was snatched from her eyes, and she stood before me, bewildered and confused.

The children's peals of laughter at what they considered great "fun" brought her to herself, and she stepped back, twisting up her falling hair, half laughing, half vexed.

"May I not play too?" I said, going up to her. "You caught me, you know."

"Oh yes, let him come, Louie. He's a jolly old brick!" cried Master Harold.

"It was a very unfair advantage you took of my blindness, Mr. Lloyd," she said. "You should not have entered the room without permission."

"Which I should never have obtained," I said, feeling properly rebuked at her quiet dignity and grace.

"I say, cousin Percy," said Harold, again coming to the rescue, "just put up these evergreens, will you? You are so tall, you know, you can reach the pictures."

I waited for her permission, and then, as she did not dissent, I sprang with alacrity to the bunch of holly that was swept into a corner, and began twisting the scarlet berries about the frames. She was soon helping us, forming wreaths of the trailing ivy, and putting branches of laurel in the ornaments on the mantel-shelf. The dimples deepened in her cheeks, and her sweet, clear voice rang out in ripples of mirth, as her light step moved up and down the room. We worked on till the dinner bell warned me to depart, and then, with a sigh, I laid down the remaining branches. As I did so, my eye caught sight of a spray of dark green leaves, and snowy berries amongst them. Quickly I singled it out, and handed it to her. I saw the slight start and the heightening of color, but she took it pleasantly, with a graceful acknowledgment, and fastened it to her belt.

It was necessary, however, for me to go down stairs, and I soon after took her soft hand in mine, without meeting much resistance, and quietly, but I hope impressively, bade her good bye.

It turned out to be a good-bye longer than I dreamed of.

I did not see Miss Cameron again during my stay at Dalstone Hall, though I tried to do so; and then I went back to the city, and tried to obliterate the remembrance of ever having seen her at all. That I loved her I knew; I felt it in every fibre of my frame. This love was getting uncontrollable at last. I would risk all and let her discard me, if she would. I would go to her and learn my fate.

So, last Christmas Eve, under the velvet canopy of the drawing room folding-doors, I once more grasped Sir Mark Dalstone's hand. Maud Dalstone was married, and had sailed for India with her husband two months previously. Little Aggy slept in the church-yard. Lady Dalstone was sinking into a confirmed invalid. Only the high-spirited Harold remained the same.

I went up to my former room, without any inquiry relative to the subject which lay nearest my heart. I had to pass the school-room door. It stood partly open—there was no need now to keep it securely closed. I stopped, and looked in. A little form lay curled up in the low window seat, dressed in something dark blue, with a bit of snowy lace running about the white throat. It was changed too; the cheek had lost somewhat of its roundness and bloom, and the dimples were less deep round the sweet mouth; the transparent lids were too veined, and the loosely clasped hands were too slender and colorless. What had changed her? Had she had some sorrow, like her rest, apart from theirs?

Regardless of etiquette, of anything, I went softly in, up to the sleeping form. Bending down, I saw that there was something concealed in the white fingers. Very gently I strove to draw it through them. It was in my hand, a withered piece of mistletoe,—ay, the same I had given her a year ago to day. My exclamation of suppressed joy must have awakened her, for she opened her eyes and smiled; then her gaze grew more fixed, intense, till she started up, pale and frightened.

"I—I thought it was my dream," she said, abstractedly, putting up her hand to her forehead in bewilderment. "Is it really you, Mr. Lloyd?"

"Louie, my little Louie," I said, "had you forgotten me?"

She looked up amazed; then her face drooped, and she burst into a passion of tears. I put my arm around her, and drew down her head to my breast, kissing her cheek and lips. It was only for a moment I held her thus; the next she confronted me proudly.

"Mr. Lloyd," said she, "you forget yourself. How dare you treat me so!"

"Because I love you," I replied; "because I want to take you away from all this; because I want to make you happy. Miss Cameron, will you marry me?"

"Oh, Mr. Lloyd, the difference in our station is too great," she said. "Do not break my peace again. I was trying to forget you, and——"

"You could not succeed," I said; "is that it? Do you think I can afford to lose a love like yours? Louie Cameron, a month to-day will bring my mother a daughter, and her son a wife."

We are married, Louie and I; and, as I write, the face dearest of all the world to me, full of the roguish dimples, peeps over my shoulder, while a daring little hand is forcibly drawing the pen from mine.

RUSSIAN LADIES.—Russian ladies smoke cigarettes. They smoke at railway stations, on steamboats and at hotels, dozens of cigarettes a day sometimes, scratching the necessary matches on a pillar or post, just like a man. If they have no matches or wish to save themselves the trouble of lighting one they ask the first gentleman smoking they meet to favor them with a light! Leaning forward to the cigar, pipe or cigarette which he extends, they ignite their little roll, bow silently and pass on. Sometimes a gentleman asks a lady to extend to him the same favor.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Scribner & Co., of New York, announce that they will publish in January a new hymn and tune book, with the title of "Spiritual Songs," the object of which is to give the churches a service of praise in which Christians of every name can unite. The extra edition, gilt edged, will be bound in American gros grain silk, from the looms of Cheney Bros., which is something entirely new.

George MacDonald's name is associated with a style of writing which makes a new novel from his pen always a welcome addition to the higher class of fiction, to which they belong. His latest novel, entitled "Paul Faber, Surgeon," is fully up to the standard of his other works. Published by Lippincott & Co.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., have published a novel by Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon, entitled "The Shadow of Hampton Mead," the scenes of which open on a plantation in North Carolina, and afterwards transferred to various parts of England. The plot is full of variety in incidents and character, which hold the readers attention without flagging.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have published a handsome little volume entitled "Meg, a Pastoral and other poems," by Mrs. Ladd B. Gustafson. The poem, which gives its title to the book, is charmingly written, with a pure and unaffected delineation of character and sentiment. The other poems are full of esprit and earnestness, and the whole volume is calculated to please. The author is already favorably known to the public through her contributions to various magazines, and sustains her reputation in this volume. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

An attractive volume is added to the series of "Young Folk's Heroes of History," published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and Charles T. Dillingham, New York, under the title of "Adventures and Conquests of Pizarro," by George M. Towle. The subject is one of the most fascinating of all the historical stories of adventure and discovery, and the writer has introduced a variety of thrilling episodes, with romantic details, which will entertain the youthful mind without sacrificing the historical instruction. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

MAGAZINES.

"The North American Reviewer," after sixty three years existence as a quarterly and bi-monthly, appears in the January number as a monthly, in which form it will be published in the future. The contents are: "The Fishery Award," by Senator George F. Edmunds; "Unpublished Fragments of the Little Period," by Thomas Moore; "Cities as Units in Our Polity," by William R. Martin; "The Preservation of Forests," by Felix L. Oswald; "The Solid South," by Henry Watterson; "The Pronunciation of the Latin Language," by W. W. Story; "Substance and Shadow in Finance," by George S. Boutwell; "The Cruise of the Florence," by Capt. Henry W. Howgate; and "Recent Fiction," by Richard Grant White. Published by Appleton & Co.

"Vick's Illustrated Monthly" for 1878 has been published in a very handsome volume, which does great credit to the publishers. It is profusely illustrated, and full of valuable information on everything pertaining to horticulture and house-gardening, which should insure it a welcome everywhere.

"Potter's American Monthly" contains a variety of interesting reading matter. The contents are led by an instructive article on "The Famous Highways of the World," by Fred. Myron Colby. The first three chapters are given of a new serial, by Prof. W. A. Henry, entitled "John Grudge, or Only a Tramp." "Stephen C. Foster" is the subject of an article on "American Song Writers," by George Birdseye. "The Cornplanter" and "Major William McCulloch," are the subjects of "American History." Paul Pastnor has a poem entitled "The Face of Doom." "The Chronicles," by General Brisbin; "Link by Link," by James Hungerford; and "Miss Durant's Handkerchief" complete the list. Published by John E. Potter & Co., of this city.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for January contains a number of interesting articles on scientific and other subjects, the titles of which are: "Traces of an Early Race in Japan," by Prof. Edward Morse; "Virchow and Evolution," by Prof. John Tyndall; "Astronomical Magnitudes and Distances," by Prof. H. S. Carhart; "Herbert Spencer before the English Copyright Commission;" "The Beginning of Nerves in the Animal Kingdom," by Geo. J. Romanes; "Pope and Anti Pope," by Prof. Carl Vogt; "Scientific Relation of Sociology to Biology" by Prof. J. Le Conte; "Black Diamonds," by M. F. Maury; "The Devil-Fish and its Relatives," by W. E. Damon; "Heredity," "The Physical Function of Leaure's Curari, or Woorara Poison," by Maurice Girard; "Molecular Dynamics," by L. R. Curtiss; "Effect of Alcoholic Excess on Character," by J. E. Milner Fothergill, M. D.; "Sketch of Gustav Wallis," with portrait; "Literary Notes and Popular Miscellany." Published by Appleton & Co., New York.

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PHILADELPHIA
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SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 28, 1878.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The footprints of the dying year have marked the last footsteps of a life which the world had hoped to find strong and vigorous in the path of the new year, but is sadly called to mourn its loss. In the death of Bayard Taylor the country has lost a man whose nature combined those qualities of the mind and heart which not only distinguished him among his fellow men in life, but have made his death a general sorrow. The name of Bayard Taylor is linked with the earlier days of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and on its pages are the records of those efforts which were the stepping stones to his after literary fame. In the issue of September 28, 1844, it says: "We have now a post abroad, whose 'Wayside Notes' will give us a new and fresh picture of things in the Old World. The first letter of his series, [illegible] ...y-south village, with surroundings the reverse of those which incite a spirit of adventure and ambition, he became one of the most noted and adventurous of American travellers, whose travels covered this continent, and extended through all of Europe, up the Nile, even beyond the reach of Egyptian civilization, and through Syria and Asia, China and Japan, all of which he has so pleasantly recorded in his various books of travel. His experience illustrates some of the most curious phases of life and fortune, for beginning with the uneventful position of a printer's boy, his poetry first brought his name forward, and afterwards became one of the means which gave to his name some of its fame.

His early travels, as an unknown wanderer, on foot, with knapsack and staff, marked the path in which he afterwards excelled as an author. Although filling different diplomatic positions during his career, his life was more especially devoted to literature, in which he showed the greatest activity of mind and capacity for literary work. Several novels are among the list of his writings, as well as volumes of poetry in which he seemed to find his favorite field of literary ambition, and the latter part of his life was devoted more especially to writing the life of Goethe, which, although uncompleted, will probably be a lasting memorial of his name.

He lived an honorable life, and his genial nature and powers of pleasant, agreeable adaptability to all men, made him welcome everywhere. He achieved a reputation in which can be found the noble example of a well directed energy and ambition, as well as self-developed talents.

* * *

THERE seems to be absolutely no boundaries to the adaptations of science and improvement. It is now announced that a manufactory of paper bricks has been opened somewhere in Wisconsin. The bricks are said to be exceedingly durable and moisture proof. They are larger than the clay article. Paper is now also used for making barrels. Straw pulp is run into a mould made in the shape of a half barrel, cut vertically. The ends are of paper, but are protected by wood. The barrels are lighter and two thirds cheaper than those of wood, and flour will not sift out of them while in transit. The staves are three-eighths of an inch thick.

* * *

THOUGH England is generally prone to proceed slowly, she sometimes acts with wonderful alacrity. It recently took scarcely ten hours to try, convict and sentence a man accused of murder in one of the courts there. Within that time lawyers examined and cross-examined their witnesses, made speeches for the prosecution and defense, listened to a protracted charge from the Judge, saw the jury return with a verdict and heard sentence pronounced.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT seems to be the fashion just at present for rich and childless men in Europe to take prominent members of the party with whose political principles they are in sympathy, and to make them not only their heroes but their heirs.

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PEOPLE of small means do not find it easy to believe that the power of money is not omnipotent. The greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists but by men generally of small pecuniary means. The greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, and artists have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers, in point of worldly circumstances.

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IT seems that the elixir of youth had been found after all, for 'tis said that Serkys tea, which gives the firmness and freshness of youth to the oldest face, if drunk copiously and regularly, is all the rage in Europe. It has the color of amber, resembles no other tea, is drunk with or without sugar or cream, according to taste, and is a very agreeable beverage. Louis XIV's physician, who speaks of it in his travels, says that he has seen women of seventy who, having drank Serkys all their lives, did not seem more than twenty or twenty-five.

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THERE are over 7 000 Americans studying in German schools and universities. The American consul at Wurtemberg estimates that over $4,500 000 are thus annually expended by Americans in Germany. This amount he thinks would go a long way towards building up and sustaining similar institutions at home. Among the evils of a student's life in Germany he cities "the free and easy ways of social life that surround them," and an attachment to foreign customs which makes them "restless under moral restraints, and weakens their attachment to the laws and systems of their native land."

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AN institution will shortly be opened near Boston for the purpose of training and educating women in the art of horticulture. Of course it is not intended that women should be engaged in any kind of tilling labor, but in such only as is already approved of by well known lady botanists. What is required is, that women should study just as much of practical botany and horticulture as young men are required to do. There is no kind of work in the glass house but what could be done by women. There is an increasing demand [illegible]

A [illegible] the purpose, ... a weight of useless expense, and a costume that is always gloomy, and in warm weather very uncomfortable, be taken from the shoulders of bereaved mourners? Christians, he is convinced, ought not to take a gloomy view of death. There are glorious hopes linked with the sorrows and the hopes of those who are gone before should be symbolized, rather than the sorrows of those who are left behind. He would have cheerful garments worn by mourners in token of the triumph of the glorified ones, and a bit of ribbon or crape as a simple memorial of their own sense of bereavement.

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INCREDIBLE as it may seem, in many parts of Mexico there are acres upon acres of land that yield every year three and even four crops of corn, cultivated as they are in the crude way still followed by the Indians; and a yield of 500 for 1 is common enough throughout the country. Eight hundred and fifty-six thousand square miles, the area of the republic, present no mean field for commercial enterprise when the soil yields every necessary of human want, every element of luxurious comfort, every ingredient of accumulating wealth. And the country is still, in its major part, undeveloped, in many parts even unexplored; and the Mexicans themselves only partially estimate the wealth and resources that lie dormant under their soil, in their valleys and on their mountain ranges.

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WHILE the western part of the Indian Empire is the scene of war, famine of an unprecedented rigor exists in the east. One-half of the whole population are either dead or wandering about the country in a frightful state of emaciation. Large villages are perfectly deserted. Enormous tracts of country—once celebrated for their verdure—are as brown and barren as the African Desert. The flocks and herds have perished by thousands. Even the wild animals that live among the solitudes of the mountains have been swept away by this awful season of hunger. One traveler recounted that he saw no less than fifty skeletons of ibex in one of the mountain passes; independent of this he met with dead bears and panthers in other places. It will take many years for this notoriously poor but beautiful part of India to recover.

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THE coincidence of the death of the Princess Alice is not alone that it occured on the same day of the week and the same day of the same month with that of her father, the late Prince Albert, but, like her father, she died of a disease—though different from his—which is generally believed to be preventible. The fact will also be recalled that her brother, the Prince of Wales came very near dying of a fever admittedly occasioned by the bad sewage of a country house where he visited. The winter festivities prepared for the Vice-Regal Court in Canada will of course be abandoned, while the Princess Louise mourns the loss of her sister. In whatever estimation we hold the introduction of monarchical customs on this continent, we cannot behold a cloud like this gather over any household without that sentiment of grief which admonishes us that all human kind are kindred.

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THE diamond merchants of London have built a joint stock palace or club house for themselves. Not that they meet to dine and smoke and talk of the latest scandal, like their customers. They combine business with pleasure. There is a club and a diamond exchange in one. The billiard-room, the dining-room and the smoking-room are there, but inseparable from the club are a number of tiny offices where these possessors of the wealth of Golconda may barter and sell. They are a strange set and even the richest do their trade more roughly than many a costermonger. Some of them are accustomed to carry fortunes about with them, and sales take place where they are least expected. A visitor saw a dealer draw from his pocket a dazzling and massive bracelet of gems. He answered the surprise which this movement of his caused by bringing from another pocket an ingenious combination of a knuckle duster, a spring dagger and a six-shooter.

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IF genius be hereditary in some families, it is oftener a mere life possession, for if it be only an inheritence, how did it come to men who founded the line of geniuses in their houses? Faraday could not have inherited his philosophy from his father the blacksmith; nor Keats his poetic faculty from his father the stable keeper. Moore was as little likely to get poetry from the sweets in the family grocer's shop, and there was not one of his children who could make or who cared to make a decent verse. Scott's son, the major, used to boast that he had never even read his father's novels; and Byron's daughter, Ada, was devoted to mathematics. Similar examples might be cited. It is natural that children, in every class of life, should be influenced by their father's example, and that the same influence should extend throughout the family circle. Statesmen's sons look up to the paternal greatness; but how many have had intellect enough to carry them to the same position? Distinguished judges have had distinguished sons, but the mothers of those sons have often been of humble life and mere babies in comprehension.

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[illegible] ...tor of New York ...res on Saturday ...e subject of art ...e education of ...h sexes in the ...anism. He pro... ...dustrial schools ...re great manu... ...centres in the ...by the Govern... ...conducted as are the same kind of schools in France and England. He also believed that the unexampled mechanical ability, prosperity, and wealth of France was due chiefly to her 400 art industrial schools. His plan is an American academy of fine arts, to be founded at the capital in connection with a national gallery and a public art school, two students to be chosen from each Congressional district in the United States, and to be educated in the national school for a period of three years; a universal competition of all American and resident artists to be held every four years, with prizes for the successful artists in the departments of sculpture, painting, and engraving, the prize works to be purchased and placed permanently in the national gallery at Washington.

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MISS CLARA BARTON, who has been termed the Florence Nightingale of America, has issued a pamphlet on the subject of establishing a "Red Cross Society," in this country which will be a branch of that great international humane association whose symbol—the red cross on a white ground—has carried succor and help to so many scenes of distress. While the aim of the relief societies which have carried on their work under the name of the Red Cross has been to ameliorate the condition of wounded soldiers, it is also intended to furnish relief and assistance to sufferers in time of great national calamities such as plagues, cholera, yellow fever, devastating fires or floods, railway disasters, mining catastrophes, etc. The readiness of organizations like those of the "Red Cross," to extend help at the instant of need, renders the aid of quadruple value and efficiency, as compared to that gathered together hastily and irresponsibly in the bewilderment and shock which always accompanies such calamities, and which prove to be obstacles rather that aids to the cause. The trained nurses and also attendants subject to the relief societies, in such causes would accompany the supplies sent, and remain in action as long as needed. Organized in every State, the relief societies of the Red Cross would be ready with money, nurses and supplies, to go on call to the instant relief of all who were overwhelmed by any of those sudden calamities which occasionally visit us. In case of yellow fever, there being an organization in every State, the nurses and attendants would be first chosen from the nearest societies, and being acclimated would incur far less risk to life than if sent from distant localities. The work of the Howard Association during the late Southern affliction is a substantial proof of the success of a trained relief organization, and the desirability of Miss Barton's plan is so obvious, it should be heartily sustained by every State.

* * *

If you reject unmerited praise, you are unhappy; if you accept it you are probably undone.

NEW EXPLOSIVES.

At the head of the list of deadly explosives must of course be placed gunpowder, which is so well known that nothing needs to be said regarding it. Interest attaches to recent inventions, still as it were in their infancy. The most important of these new explosives is gun-cotton, a substance of most peculiar nature and properties. It is prepared by immersing cotton waste, previously rendered chemically clean, in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acid—the latter acid merely acting as a mechanical aid to the former. The cotton is afterwards thoroughly washed, reduced to pulp, and finally dried and compressed into slabs or discs; the last operation being the only process throughout its manufacture which is attended with danger.

It is a curious peculiarity of gun-cotton that the intensity of its action depends upon the manner in which it is ignited. A smouldering spark will induce it to smoulder also; a flame will cause it to go off in a feeble puff; but a detonating fuse will, as it were, enrage it, causing it to explode with a force ten times that of gunpowder. Gun-cotton is not adapted for the rifle, where extreme uniformity of combustion is one of the conditions of accurate shooting; but it can be used for sporting purposes, provided that the risk of frictional ignition in ramming home be obviated by the use of a breech-loading gun.

The next explosive in order of usefulness is nitro-glycerine, to make which, ordinary glycerine is acted upon as in the case of gun-cotton, with nitric and sulphuric acid. It has the appearance of a yellow oil, is, soluble in, and heavier than water. The many accidents which have occurred from its use seem to be due to some decomposing quality which it possesses, and which at present is little understood. Unlike gunpowder, it burns harmlessly away when a flame is applied to it; but when heated to the temperature of boiling water, its explosive force is most violent. Many means have been suggested for rendering it less liable to spontaneous explosion, for in its crude state it cannot be stored away with any security for its good behavior. The most successful plan is to mix it with a particular kind of porous earth, under which transformation it is known as "dynamite." Lithofracteur, or "stone breaker," is the name of another preparation of nitro-glycerine, so like dynamite in its general properties that we need not further allude to it.

A totally different class of explosives from those which we have previously considered, are the fulminates of the different metals. They are chiefly used diluted with some other matter (such as ordinary gunpowder) for the priming of percussion caps, and for the detonating fuses which play so important a part in the firing of mines, &c. The manner of accomplishing this by the ignition of an electric fuse is, in its neatness and freedom from danger, a great contrast to the old system, where the operator had to light a slow match, and take to his heels until distance had lent more enchantment to his position. Undiluted, the fulminates are almost useless, for the touch of a hair is sometimes sufficient to explode them; and when fired, their power is of the most terrible character. There are many other compounds which, on account of their uncontrollable nature, are of no practical value, and are never prepared except for purposes of experiment.

It will perhaps now be understood that although there is a family likeness between the various mixtures which we have mentioned, their individual behavior is most unlike. It therefore becomes necessary in dealing with any of them to consider first for what particular use it is required. It is possible, for instance, to charge a shell with an explosive which has the power of reducing it to tiny fragments—a result which would of course almost nullify its effect. It is sometimes perhaps necessary to throw dust in the eyes of an enemy, but certainly not in a sense so literal as this. Again, many compounds would cause a shell to burst with the concussion it receives when blown from the gun, and thus prove more destructive to friends than foes. Such an accident is next to impossible with either gunpowder or cotton. The latter is employed with very startling results in combination with water in the so-called water shells. A very small charge of compressed gun-cotton is placed in a shell, the remaining space being filled with water. In practice it is found that a shell so charged explodes into eight times as many fragments as it will when *filled* with gunpowder in the ordinary way. The effects of gun-cotton are different from those of powder, in that it exerts a sudden splitting power. The blasting of rocks, for instance, is often commenced with the former, which splits the mineral into cracks and fissures. These cracks are afterwards filled with powder, which detaches huge masses from their beds with a lifting power of which gun-cotton alone, is incapable.

Many plans have at various times been proposed to render explosives harmless during manufacture and transport. The suggestion of mixing pulverized glass with gunpowder is effective in separating mechanically the grains, and so preventing the initial flash from penetrating beyond the particular ones submitted to inflammation. In consequence, probably, of the exposure entailed in the mixing as well as during the subsequent process of sifting out the glass before the powder can be used, the process has not attained any practical importance. Gun-cotton, on the other hand, by being saturated with water, is rendered quite inert, the subsequent process of removing the excess of moisture being free from danger.

Before quitting our subject it will be in some measure a relief to reflect that the things of which we have spoken are not wholly dedicated to bloodshed. Besides their use in our mines and quarries, whereby an incalculable amount of manual labor is dispensed with, many of them are in constant requisition for the demolition of old structures, such as the piers of bridges, and for the removal of submarine structures of all kinds. In the excavations for the Suez Canal, gunpowder was largely used; and many other engineering schemes owe their ready accomplishment to the employment of a like agent.

* * *

Dark Suns.

For some time it has been known that among the stars there are immense bodies which are dark, or like the planets, shine with a slight, reflected light. Such a star is the dark companion of Sirius, or the dog star, which is about seven times as large as our sun, and another has been recognized in the neighborhood of Procyon, which rises just before Sirius. It is supposed that these bodies are dead suns, which have already arrived at the state in which the centre of our own solar system will be when the planets, one after another, shall have fallen into it, and its heat shall have been spent on space, through which it then will wander lifeless, and no longer life-giving. There is a theory entertained by many scientific men that when processes similar to this, but on an inconceivably grander scale, shall have been wrought to their almost final result, two vast bodies alone will be left in the material universe, and these, speeding towards each other with ever accelerating velocity through an almost infinite distance, will finally clash together and generate sufficient heat to disseminate matter out to its original boundaries, gradually to return again to its state at the moment of the grand collision. According to a theory recently developed in Germany, the dark suns blaze up again with a spontaneity of their own which does not depend upon collision, but upon causes which render it by no means improbable that at any moment any of them may burst into flame, and perhaps bring about the premature destruction of neighboring systems. We have but to suppose that such a star is near us big with catastrophe to see how possible at any moment is the coming of the last day. Our own sun is but a pigmy which, seen from the farthest of its own planets to whose orbit its own bulk once extended, would but glimmer like a star, and it is far on its road to extinguishment, yet it still radiates at every second heat, enough to melt 287,200,000 cubic miles of ice. The dark companion of the dog-star—which itself has undergone such changes in physical constitution in 1800 years, that it has turned from a star redder than Mars to one that now is nearly azure—is now burned out and contracted to its smallest dimensions, and yet it is seven times as large as the sun. No imagination is strong enough to conceive the amount of heat which would be thrown out from it, should it wake from its inactivity and once more become a living sun. According to the theory, which holds that such dark bodies absorb into their interiors, heat from space, until so much is accumulated that they burst into flame again, such a calamity is not only probable, but certain. The phenomena of temporary stars are explicable upon this theory. Of these is that which appeared in the time of Tycho Brahe, which suddenly appeared as bright as Venus, and continued visible, with various tints for seventeen months, and then disappeared again, and the stars in Cassiopeia, which came and vanished during 300 years; that which was seen in 1848, another in the constellation of the Crown, which excited attention in 1866. These instances show, moreover, how great the number of these now dark bodies must be.

As planets fall into their suns, so systems are merged into systems, and that to which our earth belongs has been shown to be perceptibly approaching some great congeries of stars and receding from others as it hastens on through space to an unknown destination. It follows from the nebular theory that there exist vast central suns which cannot be seen, having long since reached that period in their cooling at which it is impossible for them to emit light. That period, long passed, has been succeeded by another in which they are accumulating heat which at any time may explode them and cause the firmament to melt with fervent heat and consume the minor systems like stubble. The final day of the earth, therefore, is not, perhaps, so remote as previous deductions from the nebular theory have led scientific men to believe. The grand and universal catastrophe and redistribution of matter is delayed, but previous to it many minor violent disruptions must take place, wholly unheralded by signs in the heavens. Indeed, a near approach to one of these great seemingly worn-out suns, even if no catastrophe or outbreak were imminent, would work such havoc with gravitation that the planets could no longer be governed as now by the sun, and what then would occur let people determine at their leisure.

Ingenious Ruses.

Gretry, a famous French composer, was wont to employ a singular method of slackening or quickening the pace of a walking companion to suit his own inclination. "To say," he would argue, "you walk too fast or too slow is impolite; but to sing softly an air to the time of the walk of your companion, and then by degrees either to quicken the time or make it slower, is a stratagem as innocent as it is convenient." The principle of Gretry's ruse was well exemplified in the case of the stingy farmer, who gave his haymaker buttermilk and whey for breakfast, and going to the field, heard the man singing in a drawling way

Buttermilk and whey,
Faint all day, faint all day;

his scythe keeping time to the tune. The next morning the farmer set a good meal of bacon and eggs before the man; and when he went to see how he was getting on with his work, found his arms going swiftly to "Bacon and eggs, take care of your legs!"

An Irish landed proprietor was so attached to field sports that he turned a deaf ear to his daughter's entreaties, and could not be persuaded to take a house in Dublin, where a gentleman abode, in whom she was something more than interested. One fine morning the squire was astonished by the coming of a threatening letter, which he put in the fire; the next post brought another; and soon a third came, the last illustrated with a spirited sketch of a coffin. The recipient showed them to a magistrate, and before long a number of detectives were busy in the neighborhood; but they could neither discover the senders of the objectionable missives, nor stop fresh ones from pouring in with every mail. At last the threatened man gave in, and took himself and his family to Dublin, and before long found himself turned into a father-in-law. When the happy pair were about to leave, after the wedding breakfast, the bride, throwing her arms round his neck, said: "Go home, father, no one will hurt a hair of your head. I wrote the threatening letters that scared you away. I wanted to come to Dublin, and as you would not agree, I thought I would try that scheme, and it succeeded."

Had the wily damsel been taken to task for playing her sire such a scurvy trick, she would probably have pleaded that all is fair in love or war. Love, however, is a poor excuse for deception, while to cheat a foe, especially when the foe is an invader, is justifiable enough. During the Franco-German war, a couple of hundred Uhlans arrived in a Norman village. One of the peasants hurried to a neighboring hamlet to warn a well-to-do farmer that he might expect a visit from the unwelcome raiders. The farmer was equal to the emergency. Calling his wife and daughters, all went to work with a will. Torn quilts, tattered petticoats, dilapidated gowns, were thrown over the backs of the cattle, enveloping them up to their horns; their feet and their heads were bound with straw; and then the sheep and goats were treated in the same fashion. Bottles of medicine were scattered about; a large trough was filled with water, and in its midst was placed an ample syringe. Up came the Uhlans; but at sight of the strangely attired animals and the monster squirt, they hesitated. At last one of the troopers inquired what was the matter. "The plague, that's all," said the farmer. He had to answer no more questions; his visitors turned their horses' heads and galloped off at their best speed, to make requisition elsewhere.

Sir Walter Scott, talking to the poet, Rogers, of his school days, told him how he won his way to the top of his class by a bit of strategy. "There was," said Scott, "a boy in my class who always stood at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day and still he kept his place, do what I would. At length I observed that when a question was asked him he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes, and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure. When the boy was next questioned, his fingers sought the button, but found it not; he looked down for it; it was to be no more seen than felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or even, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and I often resolved to make some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions."

Taking things for granted brought an illicit distiller to grief, after carrying on his illegal calling for years, under suspicion indeed, but nevertheless with complete immunity. He rented a small farm, but the revenue officers never found any apparatus upon the premises, nor any of the necessary ingredients about the farm. Every nook and cranny of the neighboring hills and dells was rigorously searched again and again, without any result save exposing the officers to the taunts of the distiller. Where this wonderfully concealed "still" might be, was the question to which no answer was forthcoming. Dwellers in the glen of course had not the faintest notion of its whereabouts. One night an officer with two comrades knocked up the occupants of the farmhouse and demanded a horse and cart in the name of the State, saying he had seized the illicit "still" with all its contents, and required assistance to carry the whole to headquarters. There was no resisting the demand; horse and cart were soon ready, and a driver too. Getting into the cart with his assistants, the revenue officer ordered the man to drive as fast as he could, without telling him where he wanted to be taken. Never dreaming but that the officer had previously discovered and seized the still, the man drove on and pulled up at the concealed spot. Out he jumped; the entrance was burst open, and the distiller was a prisoner, and his place emptied of its contents before he could comprehend how the misfortune had befallen him, and his long-kept secret had been discovered.

* * *

Turkish Funeral Customs.

The dead sultans have always been buried like dogs. The great thing is to get rid altogether of the idea of a dead sultan; for never was there a people among whom is so literally carried out the idea that a king never dies. When it is quite certain that a sultan is about to die, those round him hardly wait for the breath to leave the body. Most of them run away to be ready to do homage to the new occupant of the throne. Then follows the old arrangement:—All homage is due to the living sovereign; nothing must interfere with that, not even the corpse of the late sovereign. So one or two of his old servants only remain with the body, and when it is quite dead they roll it up in straw matting and prop it up behind the door of his room, to be as much out of sight as possible, and when night falls it is carried out of the palace and buried very quietly. No train of mourning comes here, you see—but, then, they never are used in Turkey—no elaborate preparation for the last resting-place of one all-powerful a few hours before. A dead sultan is nobody—his sacredness has descended to his successor. To him we turn our thought. Osmanlis could not do as the Franks do—have a grand lying-in state. They would bewail at the sight, and that would be incongruous with the rejoicing demanded on the occasion of a new sovereign, and would be displeasing to him. Therefore, the custom of burying the sultans in this manner has never been interfered with; and it is best so.

Neither Turkish ladies nor Turks ever wear mourning. Here is something about a late Pasha's funeral: He died in Italy, and his body was brought back to Stamboul for burial. They dug three different graves for him, because in preparing the first they came upon some animal (a scorpion, possibly), and it was thought that Turkish ground (sacred in the eyes of Turks) would not receive the body of him who had died among unbelievers. The second grave was not completed when they found water; and again it was believed the earth in this way refused to let the body lie there. But the third time no such impediments appeared, and the grave was dug on a hill within Stamboul, in a desolate place on a site once occupied by houses, and belonging to a mosque; but this waste place had been devastated by one of the great fires so common in Constantinople, and there were the ruins standing out like pillars on the burned-up ground.

As to the *cortege* to the burial-place—this is the manner of it: First of all, the body is taken to a mosque. Over the simple coffin of cypress wood which contains the body magnificent shawls are thrown, many sent by friends of the dead pasha, some provided by his own household. These shawls are very costly. Several pashas help to carry the body to the grave, and as the procession goes on everyone rushes forward to help to bear the coffin for a moment, as this is thought to be holy work. Imaums, wearing blue, green or violet turbans, according to the school to which they belong, walk before and after the body. At this funeral they walked four abreast, in green turbans, to escort the body to the mosque, chanting verses from the Koran. The dead are always taken to a mosque, before burial, and there, after prayers recited by the Imaums, the pashas present spoke of the virtues of the deceased over his bier, as is the custom, and then the funeral party started for the grave. The route to it lay through the beautiful new street of Constinople called the Yeni Sokak. There were lines of carriages, filled with Turkish ladies in bright-colored dresses, these ladies having waited there since nine o'clock that morning to see the sight. A wooden railing only was placed at first round the grave. It will be seen that a pasha has the respect paid him of a ceremonious burial; but as for the sultans—a dead sultan is got out of sight as speedily and quietly as possible.

* * *

Demonism has always been from the earliest times an essential ingredient in the Hindoo religious system. It probably began in the supposed peopling of the air by spiritual beings, the personifications or companions of storm and tempest. It is certain that to the present day the worship of the majority of the people of India is a worship of fear. And these malignant beings are held to possess varying degrees of rank, power, and malevolence. Some aim at destroying the entire world, and threaten the sovereignty of the Gods themselves. Some delight in killing men, women and children; out of a pure thirst for human blood. Some take pleasure in tormenting, or revel in the infliction of sickness, injury, and misfortune. All make it their business to mar the progress of good works and useful undertakings. And the remarkable thing is, that the power wielded by certain arch-demons over men, and even gods, is supposed to have been acquired by the practice of religious austerities. It is said of the demon Ravana, that after undergoing severe austerities in a forest for 10,000 years, standing in the midst of five fires with his feet in the air, he obtained from the god Brahma power greater than those possessed by the gods themselves. Another noteworthy point is that the majority of petty fiends are believed to have been originally human beings. If any man is killed by a tiger or the bite of a snake, or has died a sudden violent death of any kind away from his relatives, and out of reach of proper funeral ceremonies, he forthwith becomes an unquiet, mischievous spirit.

* * *

"How," said a country-court judge to a witness, "how do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?" "Because I saw him a few minutes before supper trying to pull off his trousers with a boot-jack." Verdict for the defendant.

* * *

A country couple, newly married, stopped at a hotel, and the bridegroom called for some wine. When asked what kind he would have, he replied, "We want that kind of wine where the corks pop out and the liquor boils up like soap-suds."

* * *

A class was being examined recently. The subject under discussion was the flood. Among the first questions put was, "How did Noah understand that there was going to be a flood?" "Cause," shouted an urchin, "he looked at his almanac!"

TALK WITH TIME.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Time, Old Time, with the forelock gray,
While the year in its dotage is passing away,
Come sit by my hearth, ere the embers fall,
And hang thy scythe on yon empty nail,
And tell me a tale, 'neath this wintry sky,
Of the deeds thou hast done, as its months swept by.

"I have cradled the babe, to the church-yard wide,
From the husband's arms I have taken the bride,
I have cloven a path through the ocean's floor,
Where many have sunk, to return no more,
I have humbled the strong, with their dauntless breast,
And laid the old on his staff to rest.

"I have loosened the stone on the ruin's height,
Where the curtaining ivy was rank and bright,
I have startled the maid on her couch of down,
With a sprinkle of white mid her tresses brown,
I have rent from his idols the proud man's hold,
And scattered the hoard of the miser's gold."

"Is this all? Are thy chronicles traced alone,
In the riven heart and the burial stone?"
"No, Love's young chain I have twined with flowers,
Have awakened the song in the rose-crowned bowers,
Have reared the trophy for wealth and fame,
And paved the road for the car of flame.

"Look to the child—it hath learned from me
The word that it lisps at the mother's knee.
Look to the sage—who from me hath caught
The kindling fires of his heavenward thought;
Look to the saint—who hath nearer trod
Toward the angel host at the throne of God.

"I have planted seeds in the soul that bear
The fruits of Heaven in a world of care;
I have breathed on the tear till its orb grew bright
As the diamond drops in the fields of light;
Ask of thy heart, hath it e'er confest
A germ so pure, or a tear so blest."

The clock struck twelve, from the steeple gray,
And seizing his hour-glass, he strode away,
But his hand, at parting, I feared to clasp,
For I saw the scythe in its earnest grasp,
And read in the glance of his upward eye
His secret league with Eternity.

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI—[CONTINUED.]

The old abbey of Pomeroy stood out, its walls grey and gloomy in the dim twilight of the August evening. Its windows, however, were in contrast to its walls, many of them being as gay as light could make them, and its retainers bustled about in their preparations, for Leolin, Lord of Pomeroy, was bringing home his bride.

The carried rolled in at the large gateway, and drew up at the entrance—that on the right hand. The servants stood within the hall on either side, bowing to their lord and their new lady. Old Jerome had come from the Keep to take his place at their head.

Lady Anna spoke a few timid words to them: but there was true kindness in her tone, a sweet gentleness in her face and manner: and the servants knew at once that their future mistress was one to be loved.

Lady Anna was pleased with all she saw.

In the morning Leolin showed her over their own portion of the abbey, telling her this and that of the past history of the Pomeroys. The afternoon was passing when they strolled into the garden—the large enclosure of land stretching out at the north side of the abbey. Gaunt had taken care that it should be well kept up.

"I could lose myself here as well as in the abbey, Leolin. What lovely sheltering trees! what beautiful flowers! what winding walks and shady dells! But—Leolin!—who are they?"

Leolin followed the direction of her eyes and saw a lady and child, who had just come into view round the bend by the cascade.

"That is Mrs. Pomeroy, Anna. I will fetch her here and introduce you to one another."

But Mrs. Pomeroy, the instant she caught sight of them, had turned sharply away towards the shrubbery; which would take her to the egress gate; catching up the child's hand as she went. Miss Mary drew her hand away again and set off to run to Leolin.

He passed the child; and walking forward quickly overtook Mrs. Pomeroy. She coldly shook him by the hand.

"My wife is there, Mrs. Pomeroy. Will you come now and be introduced to her?"

"Would it be agreeable?"

"Oh, yes, she wishes to make your acquaintance. We got home last night; as I daresay you heard."

Meanwhile Mary had drawn towards Lady Anna, with a slow but fearless step, her grey eyes—the keen Pomeroy eyes—scanning her closely. Anna held out her hand that she might come quicker, but the child, instead of responding to the implied welcome, halted at a few yards' distance.

"What's your name?" boldly inquired she with all the haughtiness of a Pomeroy.

"Lady Anna."

"My Uncle Leolin says you are the Lady of Pomeroy."

"I believe I am," smiled Anna.

"You are not. Mamma is the Lady of Pomeroy. Why do you tell a story?"

Anna felt amused. "We will not dispute about it my dear. Tell me your name."

"Mary Alice Joan Pomeroy. My papa was Guy, Lord of Pomeroy. Uncle Leolin's the lord now."

"Yes, I know he is."

"And mamma's the lady," she repeated, greatly defiant.

"How can they have brought the child up like this?" thought Anna, feeling quite dismayed. "And I am sure she would be a sweet child, properly trained."

Leolin came up with Mrs. Pomeroy, as the thought passed through her mind, and introduced them to each other.

"Mrs. Pomeroy," he briefly said. "And this," he added, "is my wife, Lady Anna."

Anna blushed and put out her hand in cordiality, her sweet face wearing an almost imploring look, hoping for an answering welcome. To this sensitive minded girl, the coming to Pomeroy Abbey to supplant Mrs. Pomeroy had seemed a formidable thing; one she shrank from; and she yearned for a few words of reassuring sympathy. But Mrs. Pomeroy curtseyed distantly, and would not meet the hand; would not appear to see it.

They stood in unpleasant silence, resulting from Mrs. Pomeroy's marked discourtesy. Therefore, when a dusty travelling carriage, drawn by four post horses, was seen to come in view, as it did at the same moment, the diversion it caused served to soften the awkward feeling. From the part of the garden where they stood, the approach to the abbey was visible; and this travelling-carriage, its blinds down, had turned off the high road and was sweeping up it. A man servant sat on the box, and a very large coat-of-arms was emblazoned on the panels. The eyes of Mary were quick: she was the first to speak.

"The Pomeroy arms! Why, it must be Aunt Joan!"

But the eyes of Leolin had expanded with amazement as he gazed. They were the arms of the Lords of Pomeroy and no living man, but himself, had a right to use them; certainly no living woman, save his wife, as his wife. Mrs. Pomeroy strained her gaze upon the arms, and her face became white as death.

"It can never be Rupert!" burst from the compressed lips of Leolin, his thoughts flying to the one who ought to have been lord, and was not. "To appear amongst us again, would be to dare his fate—and we could not save him from it."

Mary Pomeroy laid tight hold of her uncle. "Look at mamma," she said, in a frightened whisper.

He turned, as did his wife; and they hastened to hold Mrs. Pomeroy. Her hands had dropped, her features were drawn and ghastly. The mention of Rupert had frightened her to agony; was he in truth coming home to brave his fate? No one in the world would dare to use those arms, save Rupert.

CHAPTER XVII.

STARTLING VISITORS.

The carriage, that was causing so much painful speculation, drove in at the large archway and stopped. A lady in deep mourning—a tall, handsome, right regal-looking woman—descended from it, followed by a female attendant and a sick child, a boy of some seven or eight years old. She inquired for Mrs Pomeroy, and was ushered up the grand staircase. The lord walked forward to hear the message brought to Mrs. Pomeroy, and felt greatly relieved. Only a lady! But where on earth had she picked up that carriage?

Alice proceeded to her reception rooms. She saw the child lying on a couch, the attendant near him. The lady rose at the entrance of Mrs. Pomeroy, threw back her crape veil, and they stood face to face.

"Do you know me?" the stranger inquired.

Remembrance was dawning over Mrs. Pomeroy. Surely it was Sybilla Gaunt. There was no mistaking her; those nobly beautiful features, once seen, could not be forgotten.

"You are Sybilla Gaunt!"

"I was Sybilla Gaunt, years ago. I am Sybilla Pomeroy."

Mrs. Pomeroy frowned at once. "What may be the purport of your visit?" she coldly asked.

"I requested to see you privately, as in courtesy bound: and to explain to you why I must from henceforth assume my rights: however sorry I shall be," she added with a bow, "to displace the Lady of Pomeroy."

"I am not the Lady of Pomeroy" sharply interrupted Alice.

"Then who is?—if you will allow me to ask."

"The lord's wife."

"The lord! Of whom do you speak?"

"Of whom should I speak but Leolin?" was the retort. "Leolin is the Lord of Pomeroy."

The visitor approached the sofa; and, taking her child by the hand, whispered to him: "Rupert dear, can you walk a few steps? Yes, I think I can: I want you to see this lady."

She lovingly lifted him down, and led him up to Mrs. Pomeroy. He was a graceful, aristocratic child, though now fearfully pale and thin. But there was no mistaking that his sire had been a Pomeroy. The visitor held him before her.

"This child," she said, "is the Lord of Pomeroy. The moment the breath went out of my husband's body, his son, this child, became Lord of Pomeroy."

"It is easy to assert a thing," scornfully laughed Mrs. Pomeroy. "George Pomeroy may have made you a tardy reparation—I know not: you will doubtless say so—but this child is seven years old, if he is a day, and you left the village to follow George Pomeroy."

"Yes: but many months before that I had become George Pomeroy's wife. We were married here. Here, in the chapel attached to the abbey. It had been performed in secret, for good reasons of my husband's. It was known to none save the priest who married us, good Father Andrew, and to Rupert. Later, when George came over to the old lord's funeral, he disclosed the truth to my father and to Guy; he made all necessary arrangements for my quitting Abbeyland, but I wished to remain in it as long I could for my father's sake. When I did go Rupert took me as far as Holyhead, and George received me on the other side. A little later, my boy was born."

"In Ireland?"

"In Ireland. George was quartered there. He afterwards started for India with the regiment. I followed him thither when I was strong enough, taking my child and its nurse. The Indian climate did not agree with the child, and he has not been very strong," she added, glancing fondly at Rupert, who had returned to the distant sofa. "He is nearly eight years old now, and he is as truly the Lord of Pomeroy as anyone can be save—save—him who is yet a fugitive. He is the veritable Lord of Pomeroy, and will be to his life's end, although he is debarred from enjoying his rights as such."

"I think he must be dead," whispered Mrs Pomeroy, with quivering lips.

"No, he is not dead." Sybilla was beginning. But she broke off suddenly, her tone changing to coldness. "Let the subject, if you please be a barred one between us. It is one that you may not care to dwell upon, and I will not."

Alice Pomeroy's face deepened to a crimson: the next minute it was left paler than before. Her lips trembled.

"I see. You have no more pity for me than others. You have judged me harshly as they have. No one stood by me in my bitter trial. In common humanity you must finish the sentence you began. Is he alive?"

"Yes. At least he was a short while ago. My husband used to hold communication with him now and then."

"From himself! By letter! He may be coming back here," added Mrs. Pomeroy in agitation. "He may, not understanding his danger, be wishing to endeavor to assume his rights as Lord of Pomeroy!"

"He will never do that," replied Sybilla, her voice inexpressibly sad. "He recognised George as the fitting lord, under the circumstances, and this child as his heir."

Mrs. Pomeroy mused. "How will Leolin receive this and his wife, Lady Anna? They were married but two days ago. He introduced her to me just now as the 'Lady of Pomeroy.'"

"I cannot understand it. Notice was sent to Mr. Hildyard that George left a son—who had of course become Lord of Pomeroy. And my father knew it all along. How they can have suffered poor Leolin to assume the inheritance it inexplicable."

"It will be a blow for Leolin." And Mrs. Pomeroy half laughed as she said it—just as though she enjoyed the blow.

"I am very, very sorry to inflict it—but I have no choice. I would not willingly have come to sow discord; if Leolin will be reasonable, I will be. They may have the grandeur and the sway still, in all but what concerns my boy."

"Had you any other children?"

"Three," she sighed. "They died in India."

"I know who this one is like," said Mrs. Pomeroy—"like him he is named after. Oh, why did you name him Rupert?" she continued, in a wailing tone of pain.

"We liked the name: and George was always fond of his brother Rupert. Rupert joined us in Ireland, and was at the child's christening. But I must see Leolin."

Mrs. Pomeroy sent a messenger to request Leolin's presence. He, still lingering in the garden with his wife, came up in answer to Mrs. Pomeroy's message, unconscious of the trouble that awaited him. It chanced that the French maid was leading the little boy from the room as he approached it, and they met in the corridor. His notice fell on the child; so sickly-looking, so handsome, so like—it struck Leolin at once—his brother Rupert. Ay, and like George also.

"Why, who are you?" he exclaimed, stopping before them: and the child lifted his large dark blue eyes and answered courteously.

"I am the Lord of Pomeroy."

Turning from them impatiently, he entered the drawing-room, and gazed with amazement at Sybilla, whom he instantly recognised.

"Why, Sybilla! is it you?" he exclaimed. "Have you come back again?"

Mrs. Pomeroy glided up to them. "Leolin, it is the Lady of Pomeroy."

Leolin looked from one to the other with a darkening brow. "The Lady of—what do you say?"

But it was the lady herself for so we must henceforth call her who interposed. "Leolin, I am indeed the Lady of Pomeroy; and have been, ever since the fatal night that deprived the abbey of Guy. It was George, you know, to succeed him: Rupert could not."

"Well!" quoth Leolin, wonderingly.

"Well—I was George's wife."

"Wife!" sneered Leolin.

The Lady of Pomeroy confronted him, not giving way to anger, as might have been natural. "I was married to George in the chapel here," she calmly said; "Guy and Rupert became the confidants of the secret, for my husband saw fit to impart it to them: Rupert at the time, Guy later. I am now George's widow, and his child, Rupert, is the lord. I have come back to my fatherland to enter upon my own rights, I have come to the abbey to inhabit it. If I chose to assume my full rights, I should not live in it as the late lord's widow, but as the reigning lady; it can own no other lady than myself, so long as my child, its lord, shall be unmarried. You may perceive that no choice is left me; that for my child's sake I must do this. But, Leolin, I have said to Mrs. Pomeroy——Where is she?"

The lady turned, and Leolin turned. Mrs Pomeroy, who was at their side but a moment before, was no longer to be seen. She had silently left the room, though they had not noticed her departure.

"I have not come, Leolin, to stir up a whirlwind. I shall not care to fulfil one part of the Lady of Pomeroy's duties—the receiving guests and the visiting them. I shall require but limited space in the abbey; but—you understand me—I must be its recognised lady: I am content to live in it quietly, unostentatiously, superintending the education and watching the health of my son. Therefore, though you are not, and cannot be, the abbey's lord, I should yet wish that you would live in it at present as the lord's representative. So long as *he* lives, he is the true Lord of Pomeroy. He is, Leolin. Though by one wild action, committed in the heat of passion, he may have forfeited the right to reign, he is the true Lord of Pomeroy; in spite of his being compelled to live in exile, poverty, he is yet the chief of Pomeroy."

"I must repeat that your feeling towards Rupert is unjustifiable; absurdly high flown."

"It is my feeling," she answered, the blood mantling in her cheeks, "and it was my husband's before me. When he dies, that poor wanderer and exile, why, then I may wish to take rather more upon myself here than I shall now; I may perhaps require that Mrs. Pomeroy shall resign to me these state apartments, which she has continued to occupy. But there's one thing I shall never do, Leolin—and that is displace you and your wife."

"The poor exile, as you call him—should rather say the wicked exile—must be dead long ago."

"He is not dead, Leolin."

"Not dead! How do you know it?"

"Because George heard from him just before his own death."

"Where is he? What is he doing?" asked Leolin, with eager emotion.

"I cannot tell you where he is; I do not know. So far as George and I could gather he moved about from one desert place to another, avoiding those frequented by civilized man. Once he wrote to us from the depths of some unknown island in the Pacific; once from a desert wild in Africa. His whole life is spent in contrivances to hide himself from his fellow men. It must so be spent unto the end."

Leolin sighed. He and Rupert had been reared together: they had shared the same chamber in infancy, the same studies in boyhood, the same sports as young men: in spite of what had happened they were still brothers; and there were moments when Leolin felt for him most deeply.

"We have been thinking him dead," he said. "He has never given us the slightest token that he was not, all these years."

"How could he give it, Leolin? How did he know but that some of you here, in your anger, might seek to bring him to justice? He bound George down to secrecy. I hardly know whether I am justified now in speaking. But, Leolin, shall it be peace?"

"I don't know, what it shall be," he roughly returned, and he turned from the room.

How bitter this blow was to him, he alone knew. In Leolin Pomeroy there had always existed a strong element of selfishness. He was ambitious; fond of state, of position, and of power; fond of money: not for the money in itself, but for the good things it brings. Is it surprising that a strong feeling of resentment against this new Lady of Pomeroy, and against her child should have taken possession of him?

In this mood he chanced to meet Father Andrew. The good priest, jolly and equable as ever, was walking about in the summer sunshine, on the greensward that skirted the approach to the abbey, thinking of nothing in the world but what Margaret was providing for his early supper that night, and hoping it would be a dish of beans and bacon, to which choice delicacy he was particularly partial. During these agreeable anticipations he found himself suddenly pounced upon by Leolin Pomeroy, who had an awful frown on his face, and laid a fierce grasp on his arm.

"That daughter of John Gaunt—Sybilla. Do you mind me, father?"

"Sure enough I do," spoke the father.

"She has come back here with a tale that you married her to my brother George."

"It is a true tale," replied the priest. "I did marry them."

"Did it lie in the line of your duty, Father Andrew, to unite Sybilla Gaunt to a Pomeroy?" demanded Leolin in a severe tone, "Without the sanction of friends or witnesses on either side?"

"Had there been no witnesses at all, I might have demurred. Not that any end would have been gained by it. George would only have taken her off to the next town and got married there. But there was a witness—his brother Rupert. Rupert was present; and, to judge by his manner, heartily sanctioned it. And so she has got back has she?"

Leolin looked the scorn he did not speak. "Do you know that there is a child?—a boy? She has brought the boy with her, whom she calls the Lord of Pomeroy."

"I knew there was a boy: born eleven or twelve months after the marriage. Since poor George's death and your accession, Gaunt and I have sometimes talked over the possible complication——"

"Complication!" wrathfully echoed Leolin. "Was it well, I ask you, father, to conceal so weighty a matter from me?—to let me believe that George left no child?"

"Nay nay, my son, not intentionally. In the uncertainty, as to whether the child was alive or dead, for he was always wavering between life and death, we did not care to speak to you; preferring rather, to leave it until Sybilla's return, which has long been expected."

"As to Gaunt's conduct throughout the whole business, I cannot find words to express my detestation of it. He has played his cards well! It is explained now why he hesitated to give up the stewardship."

"If you mean that he was a party to the marriage, you are mistaken," sa'd the priest. "Gaunt knew no more of it, or of what was agate, than you did. Your father knew of it before Gaunt knew."

"My father!" exclaimed Leolin, staring at the speaker.

"Yes. I told your father of it on his death bed. It was, I think, the very day he died. We were talking confidentially, he and I, chiefly about you all, and I saw fit to inform him that I had married George some months before to Sybilla Gaunt. The subject was, in fact, led up to."

"Did my father, dying though he was, explode with passion?"

"Your father sent his blessing to them. With four sons to marry, he said, one of them might as well choose Sybilla, as not. She was a pure, good girl."

"Pure! Good! My father told you this when he was dying?"

"He did. It was his intention to send for Sybilla that day and personally give her his blessing, but death came on too quickly."

"And, with all this approbation—which sounds as though it came out of a romance—will you tell me why it was needful to continue to make a secret of the marriage?" sarcastically asked Leolin. "They might have declared it, as it seems to me."

"I will tell you why they did not," returned the priest. "Your brother George had paid rather too much attention to his colonel's daughter, or she to him. He found, to his consternation, that she expected him to ask for her in marriage: but he cared a great deal too much for Sybilla to do that. He told me that he had hastened his marriage with Sybilla out of sheer fear that Miss Dillon would get a promise from him in some weak moment, and he should find himself compelled to marry her. That's why he kept his marriage a secret—lest it should reach the colonel's ears—for a man, you see, likes to stand well with his colonel. Miss Dillon went with her father to India, obliging George—as he considered—still to keep the secret: or, at any rate, not to declare it publicly. Most of his brother officers knew it."

"George was always a coward in some things," remarked Leolin.

"In what things was he coward?" rather warmly asked the priest. "George was as brave and good a fellow as ever bent knee to shrine."

"In the matter of hurting other people's feelings. I've known him walk four miles round, rather than pass the cottage of some ill doing serf here, whom he had been obliged to blow up. And witness his never coming home, as lord, out of consideration for that miserable wanderer, Rupert."

"Ah," said the priest musingly, a far-off look in his eyes. "But if there were more men like George Pomeroy, the world would be better than it is. I have never known anyone so unselfish."

Leolin turned back to the house. Father Andrew, solacing himself with another liberal portion of snuff, continued his walk, the far-off look of speculation in his genial eyes. Which speculation might either concern the Pomeroy family, or the problematic treat of bacon and beans.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WARNING TO LEOLIN.

Leolin Pomeroy shut himself in his library, there to brood over the startling news that the day had brought him. It was a most unpleasant position to be placed in. Had he been single, he might possibly have felt it less; though to be suddenly cut down from his honor and dignity as Lord of Pomeroy, was a mortification of which he could not yet realise the full bitterness.

He knew not how long he remained thus thinking. A gentle hand stole round his neck and aroused him. His wife put up her other hand, and laid her face upon his.

"Leolin, my dearest, why need you care?" she whispered. "I am only thankful that it did not happen before now, or they might have refused me to you."

"His face flushed. "Anne—what are you speaking of? what have you heard?"

"I have heard all—that you are not the Lord of Pomeroy, and that this beautiful abbey is not our own home. Mrs. Pomeroy came to the garden and told me."

Leolin Pomeroy very nearly swore at Mrs. Pomeroy. "My wife, my wife! it is for your sake that I could curse the tidings."

She kissed away the words, her cheeks blushing, her shy eyes drooping. "Oh, Leolin, my darling, they may take everything from me but you."

He raised her face and made her look at him, made her meet the full bent of his loving gaze. "I am now but Leolin Pomeroy."

"I married Leolin Pomeroy; I married you; Leolin, my husband, my best beloved!"

"I don't believe they can take it from us," spoke Leolin. "There must be some mistake—some flaw. I am sure of it."

"Flaw in what?" she asked. "In the marriage of this lady who has just come here? Do you mean that? "Oh, Leolin, you will not seek to do anything harsh or wrong: if this little boy is by right the Lord of Pomeroy, you must not try to displace him. It would not bring happiness to you or to me."

"It would prevent the unhappiness that seems to be threatening us."

"If this little child is what they say your brother George's son, he must be the true Lord of Pomeroy," she urged. "And oh, Leolin, it will be right that he should enjoy his own right in God's sight. Let us be just—please—to this little lad and his mother; and generous as well as just. I am quite sure," she added in a shrinking tone, "that as we act by others so shall we ourselves be acted by in return: that is one of the unalterable decrees of heaven. Papa has ever taught me so."

Leolin broke off the conversation. His wife's ideas upon the matter seemed to him hardly worth refuting. Leolin Pomeroy meant to act, not argue.

Meanwhile he found himself obliged (as a temporary thing) to submit to adverse fate. Upon no plea could he declare that the marriage had been illegal, and for the present this new Lady of Pomeroy must remain at the abbey. Were he to attempt to put her forth, she might call the powers of the law to bear, and Leolin would certainly be worsted.

* * * * *

Households were organized at the abbey. Mrs. Pomeroy retained her own rooms; Leolin and his wife retained their; the Lady of Pomeroy established herself in the south wing. Seated now, in one of the rooms of the south wing—which wing was being newly renovated—was the Lady of Pomeroy in her gossamer widow's cap; and with her her sister-in-law, Joan. Tidings of the strange complications which had arisen, in the appearance of this little lad, Rupert, were written by Leolin to his sister Joan who was then staying on the Continent with Mr and Mrs. Capel. As soon as she conveniently could, Joan returned to England and came on to the abbey. She was looking older than her years justified: the dreadful death of Guy, the stain upon the name of Pomeroy, which that death and the circumstances conducing to it entailed, had told upon Joan. Unlike Leolin, she warmly embraced the new changes at once: welcomed Sybilla as a sister; loved at first sight the little lord, Rupert. For a long while past now, Joan had felt convinced, that whatever might be the mystery attending the disappearance of Sybilla, no disgrace could attach to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Hat and Glass of Wine.—Put a glass of wine or other liquid upon the table, place a hat over it, and say, "I engage to drink the wine under that hat, and yet I'll not touch the hat." Go under the table, give three knocks, make a gurgling noise with your mouth as if you were swallowing, then, getting up, say, "Now, gentlemen, be pleased to look." Some one, eager to see if the liquor had disappeared, will raise up the hat, when you instantly take up the glass and drink the contents, saying, "Gentlemen, I have fulfilled my promise. You are all witnesses that I did not touch the hat."

Air and the Lungs.—Man is intended to draw in fresh air every time he breathes. Almost all people, when in their houses, and the working people in their shops, breathe the same air over and over again. To show the necessity of allowing fresh air to enter rooms, and the bad air to escape, it may be stated that every person, during each minute of his life, destroys a quantity of air twice as large as himself.

Weight of a Million Dollars in Gold.—To the question, "what is the weight of a million dollars in gold?" an officer of the mint answers as follows: "The weight of one million dollars United States currency in gold, is 53,750 troy ounces." This makes 4,479 pounds 2 ounces—or nearly two tons and a quarter, reckoning 2,000 pounds to each ton.

Burial of the Young.—It was among the nobler customs of the ancients to bury the young at dawn, for they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, and imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

Cabbage as Food.—Cabbage has a superior value for feeding purposes. English cattle feeders assert that their beasts progress faster on cabbage mixed with plenty of fine-cut wheat straw and cotton cake than with any other vegetable. Cabbage contains one part flesh-forming substance to three of heat producing, while in potatoes the flesh forming is only one to twenty. Cabbage is also rich in mineral matter.

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity. Like the sudden, sharp cry of fire! in the night, it should rouse us to instantaneous activity and brace every muscle to its highest tension.

It is the most beautiful truth in morals, that we have no such thing as a distinct or divided interest from our race. In their welfare is ours, and by choosing the broadest paths to effect their happiness, we choose the surest and the shortest to our own.

As I approve of the youth who has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man who has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but he can never be so in mind.

No man starts in his professional career wise, strong, and thoroughly fitted for his work. One must gain wisdom by experience, strength by exercise, and fitness by reiterated, and, at first, often ineffectual endeavor.

Beware of confiding in distant prospects of happiness, lest they be suddenly intercepted by most trivial vexation. A leaf in the foreground is large enough to conceal a forest in the far horizon.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses as the Emperor Nero did—with gold, so it is to spend time too much in trifles.

FACETIÆ

Woman's writes—Postscripts.

A matter of corse—Apple seeds.

Current news—Table of tides in the almanac.

At the foot of his profession—The chiropodist.

A painful parting—With your tooth at the dentist's.

The highest approbation—Applause from the gallery.

The man who forgets to close the outside door is abroad in the land.

A perspicuous Vermont legislator said in a speech: "My wife, who is a married woman!"

The worm and the barrel hoop are very much alike in this respect, that they turn when trod upon.

There is a man in Washington the most powerful in the country. He carries a horse scar on his cheek.

A little girl, after profound reflection, sitting in her little chair by the fire, asked, "Mamma, how does a stepmother walk?"

There is not a particle of satisfaction in telling a man he is a liar; for if he is he knows it, and if he isn't who does the lying?

All the signers of the Declaration of Independence signed their names with quill pens, except one—he signed his Witherspoon.

"Speaking of razors," said the obsequious barber, as he tendered change for a quarter. "I believe Adam and Eve were the first raisers, were they not?"

A recent novel French design for bonnet trimming is a golden lizard with an amethyst nose taking a pinch of snuff with a diamond paw, from an emerald box.

We've noticed that the men who are always trying to borrow a chew of tobacco are the men who have bank accounts, and who eventually crawl up to the top round of the ladder.

There was a period of over one thousand years in the history of the world when the doors had no keyholes, and a citizen could be seen feeling all over the door without exciting the least suspicion against his social standing.

There are two occasions in a man's life when he feels as though it wasn't of any particular consequence whether he lived another minute or not. One is when he has a bilious attack, and the other when he gets left by his train.

Some recently discovered inscriptions on burned bricks bring to light the astounding revelation that King Ahasuerus hanged Haman because he invented the accordion, and put the price down to $1.75, so that every young man might have one.

A justice of the peace married a couple the other day, and the groom asked him his terms after the knot was tied. "Well," said the justice, "the code allows me two dollars." "Then," said the young man, "here's a dollar; that will make you three."

An old gentleman who used to frequent one of the coffee houses in Dublin, being unwell, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his case; accordingly, one day he took the opportunity of asking one of the faculty, who sat in the same box with him, what he should take for such a complaint. "Advice," said the doctor.

A stranger in Montreal, being importuned by a hackman, took a carriage and bade the driver haste to a police station, where he had business. The fare entered the building and remained so long that the cabman followed him to make inquiries. He was pleased to discover that his charterer had just obtained a night's lodging as a vagrant.

A scientific journal states that linen and cotton goods, by undergoing a certain chemical process, will yield more than their weight of crystalized sugar. An unscientific party adds: "We have always thought, while looking at a beautiful girl, daintily dressed in these fancies, that they contained a large per cent. of unadulterated sweetness.

The optic of the old man swung loosely on its axis as he glared upon the trembling youth who asked him for the hand of his daughter. "Oh, do not cast me off!" moaned the love stricken suitor. "Why do you think I'll cast you off?" inquired the stern parent. "Because—because—I think I see the cast in your eye," sighed the sufferer. Then the old man cast him out of the back window.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Working Butter.—Do not work butter too much nor too fast. Work slowly, and until all the salt is thoroughly and evenly absorbed, otherwise the butter will not be of uniform color. Working it too fast will destroy the grain.

Pork Barrel.—To make a cheap pork barrel, buy a coal oil barrel; knock one head in; take a bunch of old hay, set fire to it, and throw it in the barrel; let it burn until the staves begin to burn; put it out by turning the barrel upside down; scrape the coals off, and you have a good, sweet barrel.

Farm Implements.—All the harvesting implements and machines should be cleaned and oiled—both woodwork and iron—and stored in a dry, covered place. To remove rust use crude petroleum; then brush over linseed oil. Petroleum is a good preserver of wood.

The Garden.—God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of all human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks, and men shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection.

Vermin on Cattle.—A good remedy for lice on cattle is water in which potatoes were boiled. For every one of your cattle take two quarts of water and eight middle-sized potatoes cut in half. If you have ten cattle, you must take eighty potatoes and twenty quart of water. When the potatoes are soft take them out. Get a large sponge and wash the cattle freely, choosing a warm day. Comb them with a curry comb, and you will be astonished to see the effects of the potato water.

Classes of Wools.—There are two broadly distinguished classes of wools that enter into commerce, fleece wools and skin wools. The first are obtained by the annual shearing of the sheep, the last are those cut or pulled from the slaughtered animals, which, having been subjected to lime, are characterized by their harshness and incapacity of taking a good dye, especially if the animal has perished from any malignant disease.

Covering for Tender Plants.—A horticultural writer says: I always disliked the looks of clumsy straw and matting coverings for plants. It made the garden look so mean that I thought I would try another plan. I had read that evergreen boughs were the best thing with which to cover pansies and any tender plants, so I thought I would try it on tender roses and such things, and I never had such success. I believe there is something beneficial in the balsamic odor of the leaves, the plants look so nice—almost like summer.

A Contented Life.—It is a common complaint that the farm and farm life are not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits, or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and natural occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources he has; his friendships with his cattle; his team, his dog, his trees, the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields; his intimacy with Nature, with bird and beast, and with the quickening elemental forces, his co-operations with the cloud, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, frost. Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed, out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtue after your day's work is done!

The Lungs are Strained and Racked by a persistent Cough, the general strength wasted, and an incurable complaint often established thereby. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is an effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, and exerts a beneficial effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs.

ONE YEAR OLD.

BY JAMES RUFFES MAC CULLOCH.

"Oo! Oo! Oo!"
From puckered lips issues this old-fangled speech,
While a mite of a forefinger vainly would reach
The scissors and thimble in view!
Over the floor—
That land full of wonderful bits to explore,
Where fragments, and morsels, and atoms abound;
Clean coals to bite upon, paper to chew—
And hark to the cry as each treasure is found,
"Oo! Oo! Oo!"

Milky-maid Margaret, just a year old,
Helping herself from a cup to a drink,
What do you know of things you are told?
What do you think?
"Oo! Oo! Oo!"
(Is it all true?)

Waving good-bye and clapping her hands,
Giving her hand to me, giving her nose:
Where's papa's pencil? She well understands;
Where is the clock?—and around her head goes.
But foremost among these wonderful things,
Is the earnestness shown when the little girl sings.

But when will you walk?
But when will you talk?
"Oo! Oo! Oo!"

Countess of Waxham.

BY C. J.

Meaning Miss Selina Smith, post-mistress of Waxham.

You would understand our harmless banter in ennobling the name, if you could see its owner treading our uneven pavement on Sundays. 'Stately' is not too grand to express her step. She walks to her seat under the pulpit, her dark eyes beneath their long lashes sweeping the floor of the middle aisle with something of the pride which apes humility, but with more of the dignified consciousness of a government functionary.

Mrs. Fallstole the pew-opener calls her figure 'majestic.' But it is only on Sundays that the whole of it is vouchsafed to public gaze. On week days no more is revealed to the vulgar than can be seen through the official pane of her parlor window. Even there she presents a passable portrait. Regular features; but brown: that waning shade of brunette which warns us of coming middle age. Her dark hair is smoothed in such tight bands over her forehead that the roots seem ready to start out at the parting. Although Selina is accused of being tart and short, yet she is never in a hurry. Slow regularity is the rule of the Waxham post-office; and the rule of the Waxham post-office is the post-mistress's rule of life.

For, that position of the crown has been hereditary for generations. Selina's grandfather and father were her predecessors. Swathed therefore in officialism during infancy; brought up in the way a child and grandchild of public business should go, she has not departed from it in maturity. So that when the post-office bud flowered into the full blown post-mistress, the private sentiments and instincts of the Woman were sunk in the public responsibilities of the Administratrix. What does she out of office [illegible]? The oldest inhabitant [illegible] any [illegible] or being [illegible] as to [illegible]. Speculation is rife as to whether Selina ever [illegible]. Has she in [illegible] unloved her [illegible] mind [illegible]? If the opinion of Waxham [illegible] upon these questions, the unanimous answer would certainly be [illegible]. As to the [illegible] passion—well, really I cannot [illegible] words in connection with Miss Smith without a sort of shock.

No power on earth can turn Selina one hair's breadth aside from the path of duty. But she is impartial. The Countess of Waxham administers one law alike to the rich and to the poor, after the manner of the Medes and Persians, and never alters.

This is her even-handed way, yet it does not meet with universal approbation. There is hardly any one from the peer to the pauper who has not some grievance to groan out against her. This letters marked "More to pay;" newspapers fastened up by the accidental intrusion of the stamp over the edge of the cover, delayed and delivered days old, with Selina's Roman handwriting in red ink, "closed against inspection," and urgent missives hastily directed, returned to the writers with her legend, "Insufficiently addressed."

Thus almost all have something unpleasant to tell of her. But the Reverend Aloys Aspern: his story is the saddest of all.

Let me first make known the curious fact that, ever since I left school our curates one after another have come to us either engaged men, or have left some unpleasant entanglement behind at their latest cures. Happily the Reverend Aloys Aspern had come into the parish, so far as we girls could ascertain after a few month's discreet inquiry, perfectly free. It is true that we learnt from Mrs. Butterscotch at his lodgings that she was constantly taking in letters for him directed in a scratchy female hand all *ms* and *ns*, and we knew he has no sisters. He is an orphan; and, in a worldly point of view, independent. That makes him most interesting; to say nothing of his glossy appare., which fits as close to his straight figure as the silken folds of his umbrella fit its stick. The slouch of his hat, too, is remarkably engaging. But he endears himself most to us junior members of his flock by his soft manners, by his pale complexion, his raven hair, lovely teeth, low classic forehead, meek countenance, absence of whisker, and pious eyes. His timidity is painful. When any young lady under thirty speaks to him he blushes to the ears; and to offer him a pair of slippers of your own working, or a Scriptural book maker, or a pocket-case with his monogram embroidered in gold thread, or anything of that kind, is to cover him with confusion. I must say he was up to a certain point, very nice to me. Indeed he visited at our house so often that it became quite marked. His principal pretext was to consult mamma about various parochial and other difficulties.

The crisis came. Papa and left the house when Mr. Aspern was announced. Mamma was checking the house books. I was doing Dorcas-work. Mr. Aspern seemed unusually nervous, even for him. He sat crumpling his hat between his knees until the engaging slouch got quite crushed out. Blushing like scarlet, and repeating the first words of his opening sentence several times, he managed to make us understand that he had come to consult dear 'Mrs. Pansey' on a matter that deeply concerned his future happiness. Mamma sent me out of the room with one of her speaking glances.

Imagine my sensations, while alone, during that interview! The suspense was so extremely painful that I cannot dwell upon it. It seemed to last for hours.

At length the breakfast-room bell rang for him to be let out, and I beheld Mr. Aspern slowly crossing the lawn, squeezing the umbrella very tight, his symmetrical back bent, the very picture of dejection. Good gracious! Had mamma discouraged his advances?

When I returned to her, I never before saw her so angry. What did I think? Far from the wretched young man coming to open the negotiation we had hoped, he drew out a letter, all spiky *ms* and *ns*; and, presuming upon mamma's motherly interest in everything that related to him, owned that he had held tender correspondence with the writer ever since he had known us. He even begged mamma to accept a solemn confidence regarding himself and that young person, with a view to advising him how to act in a difficult and delicate conjuncture. 'How outrageously impudent these modest men can be, my dear!' mother continued. 'He was sure I would approve his choice when I saw her likeness; and he actually drew from his false bosom the miniature of a creature with flaxen hair, blue, deceitful eyes, and a wax-doll complexion. Worse! The paltry bauble was suspended from the very chain—Don't sob, my child, he is not worthy of you—by the very chain which you had placed round his unmanly neck!'

Indignation prevented me from fainting.

"Be calm, dear Priscilla! You have nothing to regret. The girl appears to be the daughter of one Sir Saber Jackspur, K. C. B., Major-general on the Madras establishment; home on sick leave. A restless man, Mr. Aspern informed me, who drags his only daughter about from pillar to post all over Europe; never stopping in one place more than a week, and never knowing where he will go next. The epistle in prickly penmanship was dated from the Birnam Hotel, Dunkeld, Scotland. And just notice the girl's artfulness;—she hints that her father's junior staff-officer, Lord Tosh, follows them about everywhere. "Papa," she proceeded, "likes him; and is really no protection to me whatever. If only Mr. Aspern could join them for a little while"—pretty strong that, Pricilla—"a clergyman is such a safeguard to a motherless girl left to the care of a fond but heedless papa." There's a daughter for any rational man to desire for a wife! "Dear Mr. Aspern"—Yes, I'm sure it was "dear"—was to be sure and write or telegraph whether he would or would not come; for they were to move in a couple of days; "heaven only knows where." Then, Prissy, came the wretched young man's perplexity. Would dear Mrs. Pansey say, speaking as a parent, whether it would be honorable in him to accept such an invitation from a daughter? Ought he not first to ask permission of the father? Should he not write to Sir Saber, and ask if joining them, say next Thursday, would be agreeable. I, of course, advised him, as I saw he wanted to be advised—to write."

Days passed, and we were assured by Mrs. Butterscotch that no letter came from Scotland or elsewhere. After several returns of post Mr. Aspern told mother distractedly, that "he could bear his fate no longer," and went away to Dunkeld. But our delight was unanimous when made to understand by letter to mother that Mr. Aspern's lady-bird had flown the day before his arrival, and that he had rushed off to London to find her. Upon some vague surmise learned there, he made arrangements with his banker, and travelled to the Paris Exhibition. From there, on hearing supposed news of them at various places, he went over nearly all Europe, without success.

Mr. Aspern, you must know, innocently wrote to mother by every post. I had almost forgiven, and began to pity our Telemachus, as father called him, when the announcement came of his arrival (*via* Athens) at Constantinople; and the best feelings of my nature returning in force, found vent in a flood of tears, when I read a paragraph in the newspaper, copied from the *Levant Herald*, to the effect that a promising young clergymen had drowned himself in the Bosphorus.

It was very appalling, for the painful catastrophe must be laid entirely to Selina Smith's (glass) door. She and she only was the cause of the unhappy young curate's wanderings from the first.

It came out that Sir Saber Jackspur had duly and truly despatched the desired letter by the desired return of post. Not having seen the name of our village properly spelt, the General left out the full address and spelt our village, in his scrawly way, simply Whacksham. Although Selina knew the Rev. Aloys Aspern and where to find him thoroughly well, she sent the letter back to the Dead Letter Office in London, having indorsed the superscription, "Insufficiently addressed." Uncle Dick saw the dead letter which had been opened 'by the proper officer,' and remembered its contents:

BIRNAM HOTEL, *Tuesday*.

MY DEAR ASPERN—Come immediately. Delighted to see you. We start Friday—Ever yours in haste,

S. JACKSPUR, *Gl.*

Yet Uncle Dick could look us all in the face, applaud Miss Smith for her business accuracy, and repeat that she is the best post-mistress and telegraphist in the service; so accurately cut out to please the post-office authorities that——

Well, actually even as I write, Selina *is* promoted! Her appointment has just come down. She is now post-mistress of our county town. But oh, how mistaken we have been in her! The secrets of her leisure time have been discovered. The letter-carrier's wife and Mrs. Micah the laundress, have let them out; yet she bound them to strict secrecy. Mr. Shauve, our village doctor, (bless his bald head!) never could find out who it was that sat up with the poor old French teacher for nights in his last illness. Mamma used to wonder where the letter-carrier's wife got so many nice comforts from. Now we learn that Selina was the good Samaritan in these and many other instances. But whatever good she did she bound the recipients to secrecy. Her pride is so strong and hard, that she regards kindness of heart as weakness of character. I am sure she is sorry at heart for poor Mr. Aspern, now that the marriage of Miss Milk and Water to Lord Tosh is announced in the newspapers—which I am pleased to state, misprinted 'promising young clergyman' for 'promising young midshipman.'

For Mr. A. A. is on his way back. And the best feelings of my nature are also returning; seeing that in his letter from Dover, he tells mamma that he has torn deceitful Miss Jackspur out of his heart, and her image from his watchguard.

As to Selina, now that she is leaving us, I almost love her. Indeed every drop of village gall is turned to honey, and the best wishes of all will follow her. The testimonial which mamma has set on foot in the Countess' honor will be a handsome one. Papa heads the list with ten guineas.

THE ONLY SON.

BY LEITH ADAMS.

"Elsie, I don't like the girl; I can't bear to see you keeping her company. A man can judge of these things better than a woman; be guided by me, dear, and give up Belle's acquaintance."

But Elsie, pretty wilful Elsie, is too angry to listen to her lover's reasoning.

She is Jack Redfern's promised wife, and she looks for blind devotion from him; she wants to be like the heroines of certain romances she had read, and to be set upon a pinacle, with Jack always at her feet.

Jack is mate on board the Bonnie Jane, as fine a merchant vessel as any to be seen in London Docks; he is a tall, manly young fellow, with curly brown locks, and a pair of grey eyes so pure and true that they look down al that is paltry and evil in man or woman. With all his heart and soul this young sailor loves Elsie May. And now he and Elsie are having their "first quarrel!"

"You have no business to interfere with me in this way; I shall choose my friends for myself," she says, indignantly.

"I can hardly have 'no business' with anything that concerns you, dear" begins Jack. But the girl will not listen.

"I will not be interfered with," she reiterates, "Belle is my friend, not yours."

"And when we are man and wife, are we to have separate friends then? Will you make friends of people I don't like and don't approve of then?" says Jack, gravely.

"I don't know: I don't know that then will ever come."

"Belle Davis loves all things that a true woman should hate; she is never happy unless she is making herself noticed in one way or other, and she delights in gossip—in evil-speaking—"

Here Jack pulls up sharp. He finds himself about to finish a strongly-worded quotation, and wisdom counsels silence.

Obstinacy, wounded vanity, pride, and something that she, poor silly child, calls self-respect, enter into and possess Elsie's soul.

"I—will—not—give—Belle—up," she says, letting each word drop from lips that are white with passion.

"Elsie—" (and now Jack's voice falters like a woman's, for he loves this wayward lassie with every fibre of his heart)—"Elsie, I am looking hour by hour for orders to join my ship. Our voyage this time will be a long one; summer will pass away, and autumn, too, before you and I meet again; don't let me go in anger, dear; say that you believe I have but spoken as I have in honest faith."

But Elsie will not speak, and he cannot see her face, for she keeps it turned away from him. Suddenly there is a sound of footsteps on the stairs.

It is Mr. May, Elsie's father, coming up from the shop below, for the shutters are put up, and the last assistant has taken his departure.

"Elsie!" says Jack, imploringly, "haven't you a word for me?"

But it is too late now; Mr. May is in the room, and his wife has hurried from the upper regions to inquire if he is ready for supper.

"Won't you stay, my lad?" he says heartily, as Jack bids a hasty good-night all round. But Jack mutters some excuse, and in another moment Elsie sees him pass along the street below in the direction of his own home.

The girl chatters away all supper-time, and hums a tune as she goes up to her little room an hour later.

Then she lies down, all dressed as she is and falls into a passion of weeping, thinking she will go to Mrs. Redfern's early—ever so early—in the morning: she will not wait for Jack to come to her. She will go to him and ask him to forgive her; for, in her heart, Elsie knows that what Jack said is true, and that Belle is no good friend for any one.

And so, as soon as the household work is seen to in the morning, she sets off to Mrs. Redfern's.

The girl soon reaches Randolph street, where the widow, Mrs. Redfern owns a small yet comfortable house; lives in the lower rooms with her daughter Lizzie, and lets the upper ones to great advantage.

Elsie knocks, and Lizzie comes in answer to her summons and admits her to the parlor where sits his mother.

"Is Jack in?" says Elsie, faintly, feeling as if each word would choke her. "I want to see him very much——"

"Jack is gone," says Mrs. Redfern. "He found his orders waiting for him when he came home last night. The Bonnie Jane sailed with the early tide this morning."

Mrs. Redfern knows the truth from her son and she does not look pleased at the girl who caused his sorrow. It is four months now since the Bonnie Jane sailed out with the early tide.

And so it comes about that now a days Elsie rarely takes her way to the little home in Randolph Street.

One evening, Jonathan May, busy in the shop below, hears a heavy fall, and he rushes up the narrow stairs, only to find the parlor apparently empty.

Stay, though; there is something lying on the floor crumpled up between the window and the huge lumbering sofa, that is the pride of Mrs. May's heart; and with a shout of "Mother, mother!" that rings through the house, and brings his wife flying up from the kitchen, he bends over poor stricken Elsie, lifts her in his strong arms, and lays her tenderly upon the couch.

The dead white face lying back upon the pillow seems awfully like death to poor Jonathan, and almost paralyzes him with fear; but Mrs. May is more self-possessed and it is she who first notices that the girl's right hand is clenched upon a newspaper, which Belle, all unconscious of its fatal import, has left upon the table.

The father takes it up and reads an extract. All is over. Of what avail now is penitence, or sorrow, or even love itself? Jack will never come again; the parting that was so full of angry passion on the one side and pleading tenderness on the other was fated to be their last—the Bonnie Jane is wrecked, and "and all hands lost."

Suddenly a change comes over Elsie; she revives, pushes back the tangled masses of her dusky hair, she folds the paper with shaking hands, yet deftly and neatly too, and thrusts it into the bosom of her dress, then with a fixed look in her eyes, she moves toward the door.

"Where is she going, mother? where is the child going?" says Jonathan, trembling and, man-like, appealing to the wife in his perplexity.

"I am going to Jack's mother," says Elsie. But the voice in which she speaks does not sound like Elsie's voice.

And they let her go.

The mother wraps a shawl about the girl's shoulders; she smooths the ruffled hair, and ties the bonnet over it, half blinded by tears all the while, yet helpful, as all true women should be in the day when help is needed; and then Jonathan walks by his daughter's side in silence to the door of the house in Randolph Street.

It is open—a rare piece of carelessness on the part of a careful housekeeper like Mrs. Redfern, for the parlor is empty, and no light burns there. So Elsie makes her way to the back bed-room, and softly pushes open the door. Mrs. Redfern is on her knees in prayer.

"Mother, mother!" cries Elsie, flinging herself down by the widow's side, and casting her arms about the kneeling figure "pray for me—for me too! My sorrow is more bitter than yours; for you never wronged him—and I did! I let him go—oh, my poor darling!—I let him go without a word!"

Then Jonathan stole home through the dark streets, leaving those two together; and never more, in all the days and weeks that followed, was Elsie ever absent a whole day from the widowed and bereaved mother. Sorrow drew the two women very closely together.

But Jonathan May refused to be comforted. The putting out the light of that hearty young life—the lad whom he loved as his own son—the failure of all his hopes and plans for "the lass"—these things weighed on the good man's mind night and day. He could not bear to let his thoughts rest upon that "merry Christmas" they were to have had when Jack came home; and when the turkeys, plump and fat, began to appear in the poulterer's shops, he turned away, and couldn't look at one of them!

Christmas Eve came at last: and real good, old-fashioned Christmas weather came with it, whitening the world like a big bride cake baked in honor of Old Father Christmas.

Every one is getting ready to wish everybody else "a merry Christmas;" but in the little parlor of the house in Randolph Street there is no Christmas merry-making. Not a spray of evergreen decorates the room where three sad and sorrowing women are gathered together for that evening offering of prayer, that nightly reading of the Word which, with Mrs. Redfern is the habit of a lifetime.

As she gives out the chapter and verse, and the girls find it in their own Bibles, a troubled look comes across Elsie's face, and looking up, she meets Lizzie's eyes full of apprehension.

But it is too late now. The story of Nain's sorrowing widow is entered upon; and, though Elsie grows deadly pale, she dare not utter a word.

"Now, when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out: the only son of his mother; and—she—was—a—widow."

The words come very slowly now, and here and there the reader pauses for a moment, as though to recover breath.

There has been a stir and movement in the narrow passage for some moments back. One of the up stairs lodgers has let himself in with his key; and a second figure has followed quickly through the open door, and now stands by that other door, from whence a shaft of light falls across the entry.

Now all is quiet, and Mrs. Redfern reads on—

"And when the Lord saw her. He—had—compassion on her——"

The door was pushed softly, very softly, open, as the words fell from her lips now growing white as death, and, as if attracted by some strange magnetic power, she raised her eyes from the book, repeating those last few words again, and speaking as one who dreams——"He——had——compassion on——her."

Then the low utterance is prolonged into a cry of wonder and of love, and a rapture that is almost pain. "My boy! My boy!" And Jack: Jack, the son who "had been lost and was found"; who "had been dead and was alive again": sprang forward and fell at his mother's knee, straining her to his breast, and looking up into her face with eyes that scarce could see for tears.

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How shall I tell the rest of the story of that Christmas Eve? How shall I find words to paint aright the cry of gladness that broke from Elsie's lips as she clung about Jack's neck? or chronicle the kisses that he showered upon her upturned face? It is cheery, though, to think of Jonathan May coming round to Randolph Street, about eleven o'clock, to fetch his daughter home, and having the door opened to him by Jack; cheering to think of him almost falling down in the passage, and having to be slapped upon the back, and supported into the parlor, and there being so over come with gladness and surprise, that he had to hold Jack at arm's length, and stare at him for five minutes at a time.

Cheering to think of all that happy party closing in round the fire, that blazed and sent endless sparks up the chimney, and, in fact, did all it possibly could to show its sympathy in their joy—and, then and there, listening to the story of Jack's wonderful escape from the wreck of the Bonnie Jane.

Ida's Christmas Eve.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

Ida Kenn had made up her mind to spend a gloomy Christmas. She had resolutely declined her sister's invitation, and had chosen to stay in Wood House, with only Jane the maid and Roger the stable-lad for her companions. It was Chrismas Eve; the rain that had been falling all through the dreary morning had ceased as the day closed in and the night was quiet and dark.

Sitting in an arm-chair, with her feet resting on the fender, and her eye fixed intently upon a red hollow in the fire, she was going back, step by step, through the past year.

At first she had tried to blame Eustace Arkwright for all this heartache. He had known, well enough, when he had begun to woo her that she had been spoiled and petted from babyhood, and he ought to have made made up his mind to yield to her little whims and caprices. But he had talked to her, earnestly and seriously, of the duties of life; and he had not, perhaps, painted her future in very glowing colors. As the wife of a clergyman in a London parish Ida would have to do many things which she would have left undone. She had quarrelled, first with her lot, and then with her lover. Six months had gone by since they had parted, and there was not, on his side, the faintest sign of a wish to be reconciled.

Jane the maid had been allowed to go home to see her relations, who lived at a distant farm. She had promised to return early in the evening, but the little clock on the mantelpiece had chimed ten and she had not yet appeared. Suddenly the sound of the house bell sent Ida hurrying to the hall door. There stood the truant, half breathless, lantern in hand. She began her explanations in haste and eagerness.

"Oh miss, what a weary walk I've had! And it's well I'm come home at all after such an awful danger. Why, if it hadn't been for the lantern I should have lost my life! Only think of it, Miss Ida, Durchill Bridge is broken down! It was safe and sound when I crossed it on my way to the farm; but when I came to it on my return the lantern showed me that all the middle planks were clean gone."

"There is little fear that anybody else will attempt to cross that bridge to-night," Ida remarked. "How fortunate it is that there is scarcely any traffic in that direction."

Jane, still standing in the hall, with the lantern at her feet, suddenly threw up her hands with a scream that brought Roger hobbling out of the kitchen.

"Oh, Miss Ida, somebody will try to cross it to-night! In my hurry and fright I'd forgotten it till this moment; and it's too late to stop him!"

"Stop whom? Speak plainly, Jane," said Ida, sharply.

"Mr. Eustace Arkwright, miss. As I passed the Pines I saw one of the maids at the gate, and she told me that Mr. Eustace was sent for. Mr. Arkwright is worse, and he sent the groom to the railway station with a telegram telling Mr. Eustace to come by the next train. The man rode over to the station this afternoon, and left his horse there for Mr. Eustace."

"And the train is due at a quarter to eleven," Ida said, in a strangely quiet tone.

"Yes, miss, and it's past ten now."

"Come with me into the stable, Roger," said Ida, calmly, "I want you to saddle Bess as quickly as possible."

"But, miss, Bess has never been ridden since you have had her, and what can I do with this lame foot o' mine?"

"I mean to ride Bess myself, Roger; don't stand arguing there, but do as I tell you."

"Dear miss, you'll surely never ride out alone this dark night, and on that harum-scarum thing too!" cried Jane. "Stay at home, do, Miss Ida, and let the poor gentleman take his chance."

"Come with me, Roger," repeated Ida, leading the way to the stable; and the lad followed in silence.

In spite of coaxing words, Bess reared and pranced when she was led out into the stable-yard, and some precious minutes were lost before Ida could seat herself in the saddle. Then off went the little mare with a bolt and a plunge, galloping furiously into the darkness, and leaving Jane and Roger staring after her in dismay.

On and on, until the waste land was left behind, and Bess began to show signs of flagging. Again and again she urged on the little mare; cheering her forward with caressing words, which Bess seemed to understand and respond to by increased effort. When would the gaol be won? Here at last was the open high road, but as they emerged from the dark lane a long shrill whistle came piercing through the stillness of the night. The train was coming into the station; it was all over then. Long before Ida could reach her destination, Eustace would have arrived, would have mounted the horse that was in waiting, and have ridden in an opposite direction to the way she had taken. With a low cry of anguish, she drew up the reins, and let the panting steed stand still. They had done their best—their very best.

Willowfield, the little village through which the railroad ran, was still one of those quiet and primitive places which even the advance of civilization had left unspoiled. It could boast of only one inn of any importance, and there Ida knew that she could get a night's stabling for Bess, and a fly to convey her back to Wood House. Slowly and wearily the pair toiled along the road; drawing nearer and nearer to the lights that gleamed out brightly in the darkness. Not a soul was to be seen in the village street, and not a dog barked as Bess's tired hoofs clattered on the stones in front of the inn. There was a lamp burning above the threshold, and as Ida was about to dismount she saw, to her surprise, that a man, holding a horse, was standing at the closed door of the tavern.

As he turned towards her, and the light fell upon his face, she believed for a moment that the agonizing excitement of that night had taken away her reason. There was an instant's pause, and then she gathered courage and strength enough to cry out, "Eustace!"

"Ida," he said, in a bewildered tone, "can it really be you? What has happened? Why have you come here?"

"To seek you, Eustace. I heard that you were coming to-night. Oh, Eustace, thank God that you are safe! Durchill bridge has broken down, and I came to warn you. But I thought I was too late."

"You would have been," he answered, solemnly, "if my horse had not fallen lame. I brought him back to the inn because I could not go any farther on the road. This is indeed God's doing, Ida."

Just then the bolts of the door were withdrawn, and the landlord appeared, candle in hand. Mr. Arkwright was well known to him, and was sure of all civility and attention. Miss Kenn's extraordinary appearance was duly accounted for, and then mine host himself led Bess away to a comfortable stable, and proceeded to give orders about a conveyance which should take the lady to Wood House and the gentleman to the Pines.

By and by an old fashioned fly and a venerable pair of white horses came round to the door. Mr. Arkwright handed his companion into the vehicle, and stepped in after her. Away rumbled the carriage into the night, taking that very road along which Bess and Ida had travelled a little while before. The pair, thus strangely brought together, were still silent.

"Ida," he said, at last, "I have not yet thanked you for what you have done this night."

There was a pause, broken presently by a sob, which she tried in vain to stifle. How calmly and gravely he had spoken; it was just the same tranquil tone which had answered her childish complaints or passionate reproaches in old days. She could not speak; there was, indeed, nothing that she could say.

The fly had now reached the deep shadows of the lanes; but the night was no longer quite as dark as it had been. A few stars had begun to twinkle overhead, and the air had a frosty clearness. It was going to be Christmas weather, after all.

"My poor child," said Eustace, and this time the calm voice shook a little. "You have worn yourself out for my sake. Don't think me ungrateful, Ida, because I cannot be so gushing as some men are. Believe me, I would give anything to serve you."

There is a time to speak and a time to keep silence. Ida rallied all her forces by a desperate effort.

"Do not thank me for anything, Eustace; only forgive me for all my waywardness and bad temper. I've been so very, very miserable since we parted; it has even seemed sometimes as if life wasn't worth having without——"

"Without me? Do you really mean that you love me, Ida?"

There was no need for any disguised answer. Somehow, in the darkness, she found herself folded closely in his arms, and knew that God had verily restored the treasure she had flung away.

"You, too, have something to forgive, dear," confessed Mr. Arkwright. "I must have seemed too hard and unyielding; I wanted you too much of an angel, Ida, forgetting that there is nothing particularly angelic about myself. Well, I am wiser now, thank God."

Great was the joy of Jane and Roger when their young mistress was returned to them in safety. Leaving Ida at Wood House, the fly rumbled away over the roundabout road to the Pines, avoiding the broken bridge, and at last depositing Eustace at his uncle's door. The old man was better, and had gone comfortably to sleep, quite unconscious of the deadly peril his nephew had escaped that night.

Years afterwards, when the death of his uncle had made Eustace Arkwright a richer man than he had ever expected to be, a new church was built in Durchill "to the glory of God, and in memory of a great deliverance on Christmas Eve."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE ELEMENTS COMPOUND.—Mr. Lockyer, the celebrated astronomer, has recently communicated to the French Academy of Sciences a paper, in which he claims to have discovered and proved that many of the so-called elements are really compound bodies. His researches have been carried on by means of the spectroscope. If his discovery is proved and admitted, it is certainly one of the most brilliant and important of the decade, if not of the century.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.—The white of eggs and the milk of the cow are almost identical in composition. The surface of the lungs is estimated at a hundred and fifty square feet, or ten times that of the external body. Blowing upon hot tea cools it, because it directs currents of air over the surface of the tea, and these currents take up a part of the heat and bear it away. The power which the toad has of inflating his body is a power of defence, to prevent the possibility of his being swallowed by snakes.

WARTS.—If they give you no special inconvenience, let them alone. But if it is of essential importance to get rid of them, purchase half an ounce of muriatic acid, put it in a broad bottomed vial, so that it will not easily turn over; take a stick as large as the end of a knitting needle, dip it into the acid, and touch the top of the wart with whatever of the acid adheres to the stick; then, with the end of the stick, rub the acid into the top of the wart; without allowing the acid to touch the well skin. Do this night and morning, and a safe, painless, and effectual cure is the result.

HOW DO TREES GROW?—Very few persons can answer the question, as even those learned in tree lore are just coming to an agreement. The sap ascends constantly in summer from the roots, and passes up in the pores of the wood to the leaves. There it is purified and vitalized, just as the blood is in the lungs. Enough of this matured sap is taken for the continued growth of the leaves and twigs, and the rest of it travels back to the roots; but this time it goes between the bark and the wood, where during one summer it builds out the space between two of the rings seen in cutting a tree across. The ring is caused by the hardening of the tree's surface in winter.

FEMININITIES.

All true women want to be patrons of husbandry.

The best sleigh belles ever invented are a pair of rosy-cheeked girls.

A certain woman sleeps with her feet out of bed, so that the cold air may awaken her if a burglar opens the window.

It is enchanting to see a soft tear in a lovely woman's eye. We cannot imagine a more beautiful water in such a diamond.

A benevolent lady always has the water in which the eggs are boiled saved to give to the poor. "It is so nutritious," she says.

"Look out for the paint!" shouted a boy in the gallery of a theatre, when the hero of the play kissed the heroine.

An observing lady traveller says she never finds a newspaper or a clock in the ladies' parlor of a hotel, but she always finds a mirror.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco pipes of those who diffuse it; it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.

At the recent election in the West, where women voted, they wreathed the ballot-boxes with flowers to cover up the tobacco-juice decorations of last year.

A porter on a sleeping car says that as a rule the woman who loses a fifty-cent breast-pin makes more fuss than the one who loses a whole set of good jewelry.

There is a bright side to every woman's character; the only trouble is they don't exhibit it very often—unless she wants a new bonnet or a pair of shoes, with three cent pieces for heels.

A girl may be too busy to dust down the mantel shelf, but always has plenty of time to devote an hour to tie across-legged knot in wide pink ribbon with blue edges.

A young lady being asked by a feminine acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album, replied, "No; but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

"Madam, if women were admitted to Paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory!"—Impatient patient: "And some physicians, if allowed to practise there, would make it a desert!"

She was a noodle and he was a noodle, and when their marriage was announced, Simmons who knew and appreciated them both, exclaimed, with tears standing in his eyes: "Two souls without a single thought."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Attention to small things is the economy of virtue.

Men may bend to virtue, but virtue cannot bend to men.

The doer of a secret sin supposes it is he they are talking about.

They who have true light in themselves seldom become satellites.

Grumbling is a bad trade, and yields no profit; but patience has a golden hand.

Those days are lost in which we do no good. Those worse than lost in which we do evil.

Safety lies only in keeping quite clear of any approach to what you know to be doubtful.

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure, and the conquest of evil habits the most glorious triumph.

Despise not advice, though even of the meanest. The gabbling of geese once preserved ancient Rome.

When the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good.

Beware of prejudices; they are like rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense than we find assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the effects of downright stupidity.

There is no man on earth so pure but can find something in himself to amend. Hence the necessity—the absolute necessity—of every man minding his own business.

Dr. Baring, one of the same family as the English bankers of that name, who has resigned the Bishopric of Durham, in doing so gives up a salary of $40,000 and a magnificent residence. It remains the fourth best place of ecclesiastical preferment in England, and Dr. Baring is the first Bishop of Durham who ever resigned.

GOING FOR THE DOCTOR

A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.

"What became of Nell, mother," said Jack Loder, as the family at Yodalla met round the breakfast table.

"She doesn't seem at all well this morning, I'm sorry to say. She was restless all night, and now she is hot and feverish. I shall give her a little medicine by-and-by, and see if that allays the fever."

The household at Yodalla consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Loder and their three children, John, Alice, and Nelly. The circle was supplemented at this time by Miss Kendall, Mrs. Loder's younger sister, and by a school fellow of Jack's, Arthur King, who had come up Sydney to spend a part of his holidays with his young friend.

The medicine administered to Nelly Loder had not the desired effect. The child grew rapidly worse, and by mid-day was in a high fever.

"What shall I do?" said Mrs. Loder to her sister, in a voice of keen distress. "All the men whom I could trust to go to Wanalong for the doctor are away at the out-stations. How unfortunate that this should have occurred when Harry is from home! What am I to do?"

Miss Kendall was about to make some reply, but was stopped by the sudden entrance into the room of Jack Loder followed by Arthur King.

"Mamma, you want the doctor for Nelly, I know you do; and there is no one about the place at present to go except Arthur and I. We must go."

Mrs. Loder hesitated, a world of anxiety in her face.

"We shall be all right, Mrs. Loder; you needn't be in the least anxious," said Arthur.

"It is very kind of you, Arthur, to make such an offer; but the journey will take you through a wild and unsettled part of the country. I don't like the idea of sending two boys away so far."

"Now, mamma, say no more about it, please, but get us something to eat ready for the way, and let us be off. Every hour may be of consequence to Nelly."

The two boys were soon ready to start upon their errand. They rode round from the stables to the front of the house, where the little family group was gathered to bid them good-bye.

"God bless you both, my dear boys, and bring you safely back," said Mrs. Loder, as she bent forward to kiss Jack and Arthur.

The boys rode off at a canter, the little group watching them from the house, until they had disappeared in the forest that stretched away to westward against the sky line.

It was well on in the afternoon when they started. They rode on through the bush without pausing, only slackening their ponies' pace now and then from a canter to a walk, until sundown, which was about seven o'clock.

"I think we should pull up now and have some tea," said Jack. "And the nags are about due for a rest too."

"All right!" answered Arthur.

The boys dismounted, and fastened up their horses to a neighboring tree. Then they collected wood, and very soon had a fire kindled; over this they suspended the "billy" they had brought with them—a round tin pot, with a slack wire handle—and before long had a capital pot of tea prepared. Bread and cold corned meat, with the tea, composed their meal, and with these they supped very heartily. They had about finished when Jack said:

"I have just been thinking that the best thing we can do is this, Arthur; it will be quite dark presently, and the moon doesn't rise for some two or three hours yet. Now, it would be no use our trying to make our way through the bush in the dark. We're neither of us skilled enough bushmen for that yet. We'll just take a nap for an hour or two, and start again when we shall have the moon to guide us."

"Yes, that will be the best way, no doubt," answered Arthur. The two comrades now heaped wood upon the fire, and lay down to compose themselves to sleep. The spot where they had chosen to make their bivouac was near a river, at a distance of some fifty yards from its banks. It was a soft still night. Hardly a breath of wind was stirring, and a deep silence had fallen over the forest.

The boys were on the point of dropping off to sleep when a sudden sound caused them both to start up into a sitting position. Each was keenly awake again in an instant. The sound was short, sharp one, like the snapping of a twig. Jack and Arthur listened intently, their sense of hearing strained to the utmost, their hearts beating, for the noise was an ominous one.

Once again there came a sound from the bush in front of them, this time more of a rustle, as though something were moving in the brushwood. Then all was silent again.

"What is it, do you think, Jack? lizard, or a snake, or something?" Arthur whispered.

"Hardly that, at this time. Can you see anything?"

"No. Can you?"

"Nothing as yet."

Jack had hardly uttered the words, when a sight presented itself before the gaze of the two boys which sent a sudden thrill through every fibre of their bodies. A dark shadow-like form emerged from the covert of the forest, closely followed by

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tree drooped its branches. Jack and Arthur each seized hold of a bough, and by its aid lifted themselves out of the water, and began scrambling up the bank, which was here high and steep, and thickly overgrown with bullrushes and reeds. As they were dragging themselves up the bank, still holding on by the branches of the tree, they fell suddenly forward with a considerable shock, and the next moment found themselves on their hands and knees in a small cavity, just large enough to allow them to turn round in. They looked round them, and rapidly examined the quarters into which they had so unexpectedly tumbled.

"My word! It gave me quite a start; but I see what it is," said Jack presently. "See! the trunk of the old tree is partly hollow, and forms one side of this cave, and a part of the roots matted together makes the roof. That's what keeps the earth above from falling in. But, Arthur, this is just the luckiest thing that could have happened to us. We are safer here than we could be anywhere. If we had continued our flight on through the bush, the chances are even that those rascals would have spotted us, and then they would have run us down in a few minutes more. Our only chance is to keep perfectly still where we are. See how thick the rushes and grass grow about the mouth of this hollow." By peering through the thick curtain, as it were, of grass and reeds that closed up the entrance of their little cavity, the boys could make out pretty clearly the doings of the black fellows.

When they were close to the bank of the river, and were again in shallow water, the savages extended themselves in a long line, and began wading up and down stream, spearing the water on all sides with their long spears, while every now and then one of the band would dive, remaining beneath the surface for a long time. It was evident that they thought that the objects of their search were concealed somewhere between the two banks of the river.

Then, abandoning this idea, they searched along the bank themselves, endeavoring to discover at what point the boys had emerged from the water. Jack and Arthur sat rigidly still, fearing almost that their breathing would betray their whereabouts to the acute ears of the black men.

Up and down the stream the dusky forms passed, sometimes actually rustling the reeds in front of the little cave, so close that the boys were sensible of the strong odor of their moist skins, and could see the wild gleaming of their eyes in the dark. Thick and close as was the growth in front of their hiding place, it was still quite possible that the piercing eyes of their foes might penetrate the screen, and then—what awaited them but instant death? But presently the boys' anxiety and fear grew less, when they beheld the black fellows, one after another, abandon their search, though they could not yet feel anything like confidence of security. The aborigines were still wading to and fro in the stream, until the water was churned into white foam, while the fierce yells that rose every few moments from the enraged and baffled band increased the wildness of the scene.

They gathered together again for counsel. The moon had now risen—a circumstance that would have greatly added to the danger of discovery for Jack and Arthur had their pursuers persisted in their search, and the boys dreaded that they would resume it.

But no! They could now distinctly see the faces of the black men, and were struck with the new expression manifest in them. It revealed a strange awe, a look of mingled doubt, perplexity, and fear. This, taken altogether with so sudden a change in the whole manner of the savages—from wild and angry excitement to a subdued stillness—appeared to the boys to indicate that the blacks connected their disappearance with the interposition of some supernatural agency. Their looks, motions, and whole bearing showed unmistakably that they were awed, cowed, and impressed with a vague but great dread.

In a few moments more the two boys, to their indescribable joy, were confirmed in this idea by beholding the entire band turning suddenly towards the opposite bank, rapidly and silently cross the river, climb the bank, and vanish as they had first appeared—with the swiftness and stealth of shadows—among the trees and brushwood.

"Oh, Arthur! all danger is over. They're clearly frightened past returning!" exclaimed Jack.

"Not a doubt of that, I think; but what are we to do now, Jack?" said Arthur.

"This, I think, will be the best—just to stay where we are."

"But how long?"

"All the night. You see, although these fellows have got a scare they may still be lurking about the place; but they will be pretty certain to be gone by morning. So we will just pass the night here and look for the ponies at daybreak. Of course it will delay us in getting the doctor, but better that than the risk of falling into those savages' hands."

"Do you think we shall find the ponies all right?" said Arthur.

"I hope so," replied Jack. "Nothing is very likely to happen to them except being collared by the blacks; which I hope will not be the case."

"We shall be in a pretty fix if they are gone."

"Yes, but it will be time enough to think of that when the evil does come; don't let us go to meet it half way. Let us both get as good a sleep as possible now, and to-morrow we shall be in better trim for whatever happens."

The boys laid down side by side; they were obliged to lie close together and half doubled up; and in a few moments were fast asleep. They woke at daybreak.

"Now Arthur; let us cross at once," said Jack.

They came out from their hollow, which had been so faithful a haven of refuge to them, waded into the stream until the water took them beyond their depth, and were soon on the opposite bank. It was with no small feeling of anxiety that they approached the place of their previous night's encampment, and they could

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On the way back the boys related the events of the previous night.

"Well, my boys, you have to thank God for as narrow an escape, it seems to me, as was well-nigh possible," said the doctor.

The general gladness at Yodalla when Jack and Arthur returned, in company with the doctor, was great. Nelly was in much the same condition as when Arthur and Jack left the house the day before. The doctor pronounced her illness to be a low fever, and that there was nothing serious in the symptoms, and that she would probably not be in bed more than a few days.

Jack and Arthur had, of course, to repeat at home their adventure.

SMOKERS.—Robert Hall is said to have preached his most eloquent sermons after smoking a pipe in his vestry; the same with Dr. Parr, who sometimes smoked twenty pipes in one evening, and "never wrote well except under the inspiration of tobacco." Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher, retired to his study every day after dinner, and had his candle and ten or twelve pipes of tobacco laid by him; then shutting his door, he fell to smoking, thinking and writing for several hours, and although such an excessive smoker, he lived to the good old age of ninety-and-two. All know how the great Sir Isaac Newton smoked. Thomas Carlyle smokes as do Tennyson and many other eminent men. Campbell, Byron, and Lord Eldon were moderate smokers. Walter Scott was a great smoker; so was Lord Palmerston—and the use of the weed did not shorten his days. We wish we could say so much for Charles Lamb, "the gentle Elia," who toiled after it as some men toil after virtue. To say all that can be said in favor of tobacco would require volumes.

A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.—When the fleshy part of the green buffalo hide is exposed to the sun the skin becomes as hard as iron. Some time ago a party of Texans caught a horse thief on the borders of the Indian Territory and as there was no tree handy on which to hang him they sewed him up in a green buffalo hide and left him on the plains under a burning sun. When they came that way again the skeleton rattled within the hide like a pea in a pod, and on cutting the skin open the unfortunate man's remains were identified by his clothes.

INK FOR LOVE LETTERS.—There is a well known article sold in Paris under the name of "*Encre pour les Dames*" (ink for ladies). A recent scientific journal, states that this consists of an aqueous solution of iodide of starch, and is "specially intended for love letters." In four weeks characters written with it disappear, preventing all abuse of letters, and doing away with all documentary evidence of any kind in the hands of the recipient.

M. Paul Broca, the famous anthropologist, is authority for the statement that the tallest man ever actually measured was a Finlander, nine feet three and seven tenths inches high, and that the shortest man known reached a decimal under seventeen inches in his stocking feet.

NEWS OF INTEREST

Australia makes better olive oil than Italy does.

The Japanese use telephones between their warehouses.

There are 400 colleges in the United States; 3700 professors.

The stylish shoe for gentlemen is of patent leather with cloth tops.

The Marquis of Lorne is a very good rifle shot and lover of the sport.

In a Paris restaurant you will give the waiter five cents on the dollar as a fee.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has recently sold three residences in Paris for $400,000.

The Khedive and family, including his secretaries, receive now only $1,500,000 a year.

London has 13,900 cabmen, among them being lawyers, clergymen and doctors, and one real lord.

Wilkie Collins is described as a little, short, stout man, timid in manners and disappointing in appearance.

Massachusetts officials have observed that home-sickness is a frequent cause of insanity among immigrants.

At Sheffield, England, a "Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform Association" has been organized.

Adelina Patti has had a most flattering success in Berlin, where she had not before appeared for the last fifteen years.

From the debris of their coal mines France makes annually 700,000 tons of excellent fuel, and Belgium 500,000 tons.

More timber is used underground in the Comstock lode than has been employed in the construction of San Francisco.

Shark's skin now serves for Parisian purses, and was thought particularly appropriate for innkeepers, etc., during the Exposition.

American fruit, to the value of over $5,000,000 was exported last year. In 1862 the entire proceeds of such exportation amounted to but $280,000.

Exports from Great Britain to the United States have decreased from £37,000,000 in 1873 to little over £20,000,000 in 1877, and are still slowly declining.

Mme. Antoinette Sterling, who refused to sing before the Queen unless she sang in a high-necked dress, has been winning a great deal of success before Scotchmen.

Major Birch, the British officer who was killed at the head of his regiment at the battle of Fort Ali Musjid, was one of the illustrious garrison of Lucknow in 1857.

The Empress of Austria, who will spend the winter in the hunting district of County Meath, Ireland, spent last year near Melton, England, and the year before in Northamptonshire.

The Gloucester, Mass., fishermen follow a perilous business. The report for the past year shows a loss of 25 lives and 8 vessels, which is below the average, the figures of 1877 being 212 and 27.

It is rumored in London that the Duke of Connaught will be appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland as soon after his marriage as an opportunity occurs to provide for the Duke of Marlborough.

Victoria Woodhull is reported living in splendid style in London, near Sydenham Palace, sporting carriages, liveried servants, and all paraphernalia of a stout income. The wonder is whose money she is living on.

It is cited as a curious circumstance that the best scholar in the Irish language now living is a German—Dr. Zimmer, a professor in the University of Berlin, where he will lecture on that language this winter.

At midnight on the last day of the year the normal hour is to be fixed throughout Sweden, and all the Government, railway, and telegraph clocks will be set simultaneously. At Stockholm the clocks will have to be put back twelve minutes.

A Boston man, named Burnside, will shortly attempt the feat of crossing the Atlantic, doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and then crossing the Indian Ocean to Australia, in a sloop-rigged craft nineteen feet in length and two and one half feet deep.

The value of silk ribbons annually exported thither from Switzerland has fallen from $40,000,000 to $4,000,000 since 1872. Paterson, N. J. silk mills are running on full time and employ 8,000 to 10,000 hands, and the greatest demand is for ribbons and scarfs.

A Louisiana paper reports that there are now nearly, if not quite, fifty cases of leprosy in Lafourche, all originating from one person thus suffering, who some twenty years ago settled on the lower portion of Bayou Lafourche. Legislative inquiry is asked.

An American egg preserving company has been established at Shanghai for some time. The object is to preserve eggs in such a manner that they will be useful for cooking at any time and in any climate. The business is entirely export, chiefly to England.

Among some insane persons temporarily at the Tombs, in New York, a printer thinks that he was rich and that the Mayor robbed him; a tinsmith is constantly in fear of assassination. These things might be; but the maddest of all is a woman who imagines she is a distinguished man.

Lady Rosebery is, decidedly, no longer to be considered as belonging to the "Chosen People." At all events, her annual donation of $100, sent to the synagogue, was returned to her with the intimation that it could not be received from one who had "left the faith."

The revenue of the English Patent Office is being increased by the number of applications for appliances in connection with the electric light. It is said that as many as two or three applications are filed every day, and that the inventive genius of the Old World has never been so active as at the present time.

Judge Clifford, of the U. S. Supreme Court, though now in his 76th year, still retains the same habits of industry and intense application for which he was always noted during the long period he was a practitioner in the Courts of his own State, and, during the past year he has performed a greater amount of labor than during any other since his accession to the Bench.

Prince Bismarck, in addition to his other peculiarities, is quite superstitious. He will not sit down at dinner in a party of thirteen; he will not allow his hair to be cut when the moon is on the wane; he will not negotiate on the anniversary of such disasters as the battle of Jena; he will conclude no treaty on a Friday; and his whole life is solemnized by the fact that he knows the year of his own death.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9th, 1878.

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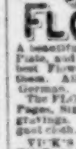

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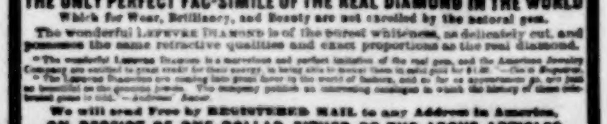

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THE DEAD YEAR.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

To Time's measure, moving slow,
Let the pageant, passing, go;
Let there follow in its train
Festive pleasure, hooded pain—
All the past months' joy and woe,
Let the dreary pageant go.

Fill its grave, and heap it high,—
With it let its mem'ry die;
In its grave if hopes lie sealed,
Their fulfillment unrevealed,
Tenderly the coming year
With fresh flowers may strew the bier.

With a pæan for all the earth,
Then proclaim the New Year's birth.
Last year's pangs, a motley host,
Just expired—then lay their ghost—
For the Old Year toll the bell,
Hope is ushered by its knell.

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER XXV.

"So you amuse yourself while we are away! For such a prude, you are not the best of chaperons, Sylvia."

A slight scornful emphasis marked Mrs. Massey's tone, as the tall beautiful woman advanced into the room where Lisa Gilbert, Lord Towerscourt, and myself were standing, Eustace holding his newly-won love to his breast.

She was exquisitely dressed, though not for the evening; she had gone out in a close carriage in the morning, and had only just returned. Her thick, trailing, pale pink silk was covered with a white lace mantle, her lace bonnet, with its pink flowers, heightened the far lovelier color of her face and the glitter of her eyes. A half-derisive smile parted her full crimson lips, her gloved hands played rather nervously with the lace of her ivory handled parasol; she was hot, flushed, and excited, but very lovely.

Just behind her stood her brother, looking over her shoulder, blinking in the light from the chandelier, as if he had lately been asleep—tired-looking, and with that flaccid look about him which I had noticed lately. Towerscourt still held Lisa within his arm; she tried a little to get away, then seemed to acquiesce in his desire to keep her, and stood with downcast eyes, and that peculiar tension of the lip which indicated endurance in her.

"You are strangely lenient all at once, Sylvia, but I scarcely expected to see Lord Towerscourt here, and you assisting at such a scene, at twelve o'clock at night."

"I believe Lord Towerscourt, or any beggar out of the street, has a better right to be here to-night than you have, Mrs. Massey."

"So it has come! I thought so! This is the meaning of that sudden devotion. You poor dupe, to be taken in! And all the time he loves that other woman, as you'll find soon or late. Well, I've taken precautions—just in time, it seems. It doesn't matter to me!" And with a loud, mocking laugh she flung herself upon the sofa, and stared back at us defiantly.

"Lisa—Julia—what is this? Yes, yes, you are safe; but—I—I—I—what shall I do?" And Mr. Gilbert turned his heavy face to one and the other, with a nervous twitching smile, and rubbed his hands together feebly, almost childishly. "The packet has gone then? I missed it to-day, but thought it was mislaid. Lisa, have you been so wicked as to ruin your father in his old age? It is worse than King Lear's children." And he shed tears.

Lisa broke loose, and ran up to him.

"Papa, I warned you years ago that if I ever found that packet I would return it to its real owner. Papa, think, think—now it is done, and cannot be altered, it was a wicked sin to keep the packet. It is better off your mind. I'll come back to you now; and she who has been so deeply injured by us will never be hard on an old man."

She put her slight arms round him as he sat crying helplessly, and drew his head down to her breast, patting it, and hiding it from sight.

"You know, Lisa, you father is safe from my indignation," I returned, as Towerscourt crossed over to her side. "Both of us must hate his sin, and the cruelty with which it was persisted in; but he is not the chief wrong-doer in this room."

"And I am?" said his sister.—"And you are," I replied.

She got off the sofa and made me a mocking curtsey.

"Thank you for board, lodging, and clothing for nearly four years. I owe you those thanks, but now I require nothing more from you—not even forgiveness. I'm safe from punishment. I know perfectly. To speak the truth, I'm not sorry the farce is ended—your airs of virtue fatigue me; this house is *peu gai*. I have given respectability a trial, and it wearies me—we annoy each other. I think I have punished your brutal husband, so, now I'll take my leave of you. Stop, though! You made a mistake just now, *ma chere*; if I do not bear the name of that magnificent father, at least I do not bear that of the sot Massey. I was married this morning. The little singer is disconsolate; and I shall leave you to deal with that crazy brother, and go back to the Continent a thoroughly virtuous woman."

She stepped to the door, beckoned, and the next instant Mr. Cadman stumbled in, red-eyed, slinking, more than half tipsy—a curious steppingstone to virtue for any woman.

"You've kept me a deuced time kicking my heels outside. Dashed if I wasn't halfinclined to be off without you!" he said lovingly.

"I had to take leave of my family, dearest husband," she replied, with a light laugh, and her eyes swam with delight—"don't begrudge me a few moments affectionate farewell."

"I don't want to see any of the proud lot. I didn't want to come here—you know that; and, hang it, I'll have my own way in the future! You're a fine woman, but little Lalla now——"

Mrs. Cadman was silenced. I looked at her—there was no need to speak. She lounged up to her brother, kissed him carelessly, held out her hand to Eustace, who did not know how to refuse it, passed Lisa without notice, and then, putting her hand on her husband's arm, came up to me.

"Well?" she said, laughing.

I drew back a few paces.

"I shall send for my clothes to-morrow; and now, Sylvia," sneered the bold bad woman, pressing nearer, "at the last moment, if I turn childish and whine and cling to that chit, have I a chance of forgiveness?"

"Never from me!" I cried, and wrath filled every vein in my body. I started from her, and looked steadily into her face, unable to preserve the silence I had intended. "Your sins are scarlet in my eyes," I said in a low distinct voice. "Where is your husband? He died in my arms, but his death came as clearly through you as if you had guided the weapon which took his life. Where are your children—those souls entrusted to your charge? I ask you for my mother, whose last days you embittered—my father, whose curse you were—the husband who loved me until you poisoned our happiness—the faithful woman whose death—another death—lies at your door. Where, where are they? Would they condone your crimes? There's not a soul on whom your influence has not fallen to blight or destroy. Out of my presence, wretched woman! For, as you stand there, decked in pilfered garments—the outward sign of the luxury for which you have thus put your soul in peril—I know not a more degraded spectacle under heaven!"

Without a word she left the room. Standing together, we heard the house door close upon her and a carriage drive away.

From that day I never looked on her again.

CHAPTER XXVI., AND LAST.

The discovery so unexpectedly made had one result—before the morning Mr. Gilbert had a stroke of paralysis, and I may say here that he never wholly recovered from it, though he lived for a year afterwards, nursed by Lisa, and loved and honored by her in his decadence as he had never been in his prime. All her more womanly feelings appeared then; I am sure that nothing could have increased her lover's affection for her, or her conduct to her father would have done so. We saw with how much sweetness her brilliant gifts were united. The poor old man made a good end; to Lisa's joy, he repented, though late, sincerely.

For days after the discovery of the fraud the packet in my father's handwriting lay in my desk untouched. I could not bring myself to look at it; impious thoughts sprang up when I tried; there were moments when I even wished it had not been discovered, so many threads of life were now tightly strained.

Pride, the demon of my life, was not cast out; it was sometimes fed, sometimes humbled, by this discovery, and I know what it often whispered—"You have been wronged. No shadow of blame attached itself to you, yet every indignity to a criminal was heaped causelessly on you. Let him whose blind prejudice led him to such extremes continue in his belief. It is not your duty to undeceive one who so failed in his duty to you." And this whisper grew so importunate that it quite drowned the murmur of relief that I need never shrink now to hear my mother named. I reflected too that there was no child to be injured by its parents' separation. If we lived apart, it concerned us alone—and that life Denis had himself desired. So I went apart pale and silent, and Lisa, in the midst of her filial duties had her new found happiness, yet found time to give me the most wistful looks and kisses—as if that neophyte in life's mysteries could fathom my grief!

One night, seeing that the poor little thing was worn out with fatigue—for she would scarcely permit a hired nurse—to do her duties—I undertook her vigil by her father's bed side, and in consequence felt drowsy the next day while sitting in the dull dining room, where I must have fallen asleep, for two voices were murmuring on the other side of a large screen when I woke up, and at first I took them for dream voices.

"She must work it out by herself. If she were only less unforgiving! Though I ought perhaps not to say that."

"No, you shall not. See how much she has forgiven. When I saw her watching by poor papa last night, I thought she looked like an angel. But it is easier to pardon a person one cares nothing for, whatever the injury, than to forget a hurt given by one we love."

"I said I not forget. Yes, she is magnanimous enough to imperil her life for the benefit of any one, but not generous enough to forgive her husband, who was a fellow-sufferer. Well, we can only stand by and hope, and trust to time, and also to the soft touch of certain sweet lips whose magic power would be more gratefully appreciated and repaid if bestowed in another quarter."

That night I wrestled long with myself, when the morning came I had conquered. I read my father's letter of explanation—a letter from the dead—then folded and enclosed it in an envelope, put with it a short explanation of the way in which it has come to me, and sought Towerscourt.

"Eustace," I said, showing him the packet, "I was behind the screen yesterday when I think you were speaking of me. I have considered your words ever since, for they are true. Will you tell me where to send this to my 'fellow-sufferer?' I know nothing of his whereabouts."

He sprang up, his face glowing with friendship and congratulation.

"Heaven bless you, Sylvia! I'll set in train at once;" and Lisa rushed for his hat as if every moment was precious.

And now that I had taken the first step I too felt that the missive could not be dispatched too quickly, and watched with Lisa at the window till he came back. It was not till the afternoon.

"I am sorry to say, Sylvia, that the address is more difficult to get than I imagined. I've been to Lincoln's Inn—to his lawyers, Lisa; they've heard nothing for three months; to the club—the same; I've telegraphed to Beechwood and Truscott Hall—the same answer."

"Where is Lady Fernley?"

"At Truscott Hall, but too ill to be seen except by the doctor and nurse. My uncle telegraphs that Denis was last heard of in Algiers."

A new, sudden, terrible dread seized me. Three months and nothing heard! Was I on the point of enduring something to which every other trial appeared trivial? No, merciful Heaven, no—anything but that!

"I will go to Algiers myself!" I cried, starting up.

"No, Sylva; I will go. I can travel twice as fast as you, and track him better. I'll spare no pains; if you will remain quietly with Lisa. Remember, though three months is a long time to wait for a letter, we don't know how many he has sent which have never reached us. I will start this very day."

"You are very kind, Eustace, but how can I part you from Lisa while she is in such trouble?"

"What does Lisa say?" he asked, smiling with a proud confidence.

"That after to-day she will never speak to Lord Towerscourt till he returns from Algiers with Mr. Fernley," she said bravely; and he caught her in his arms and gave her a dozen kisses at least, some of which I am sure she returned. Poor things! They were going to be apart for weeks, for my sake, in the heyday of their mutual love.

I left them alone to talk over their parting, and wandered into the drawing-room, a prey to devouring fear and suspense. Oh, I must go to Algiers! How could I endure to wait weeks before I heard anything? The veil had dropped from my eyes; one thought had shown me clearly what Denis was to me still, and what he would always be. My hand was on the handle of the door, and I was on the point of rushing down to say that I must accompany Eustace, when a tap came at the door. I opened it, and saw—Denis or his spirit before me!

For an instance I thought it was the latter, sent to mock my despair, so pale, so hollow-checked, so altered was he: I shrieked aloud and sprang back, putting out my hands before me, and turning my head aside from his great burning eyes—and so he stood for a moment; then a low, very low voice faintly pronounced my name, and I knew it was no wraith; and in the weakness brought by this great relief tottered and fell upon the sofa, face downwards.

I heard the door shut, I heard steps slowly approach and stay beside me, but for my life's sake I could not have lifted a finger.

"I have come back," said the faint hollow voice, "from the brink of the grave to ask you, for very charity, to forgive me for the past. I have no plea to urge in my favor; my only hope rests in that heart which I so wrung while it was mine, and so regretted when I lost it. I could not die, I should not rest in the ground, till I came to tell you that the last barriers of my pride are down. At last I know. At last I know myself as a man false to his vows, neglectful of the trust reposed in him, and, in following a stubborn prejudice of his nature, brutal against the truest instincts of yours. Silence still? Well, perhaps that's best. Heaven knows how often you have pleaded in silence to me, and I have been regardless! Now it is for you to decide to dismiss, but first hear my recantation—it may make your heart less hot within you at another time. My wife, the mist which blinded me so long is gone. I see, I know that, though by an accident of birth you are the child of a disgraced woman, the angels in heaven are not more pure; and at this moment, if we were both free, I would sooner have you for a wife with all the drawbacks than the fairest woman with the purest lineage, or I would become a beggar to have you place your hand in mine and say, 'I will come back to you and give you a chance of effacing the past.'"

He bent over me. I felt his breath wander over my face and hands; his voice, so strange in language and manner, so familiar in tone, sounded almost weird, solemn, with a message from the heart which had been so long closed to me. I could not yet believe it; it was like a message from the dead, as if his spirits spoke to mine beyond the veil.

I lifted myself up and looked at him fearfully.

"I dare not mention love. How can I ask for yours, or talk of mine? Yet all the time, even in my madness, I have had a strange, torturing love for you—not like this, which if I dared I would pour out at your feet. Sylvia, have you not one word for me?"

"Yes, this." A sob shook me as I held out my hands to him. "There is no need to ask for my love; it has never strayed from you since I first gave it. Denis, we have each something to forgive. If in your heart you feel you love me, it is bliss for me to hear it. Henceforth let us begin again together; and, as we hope for future happiness, let our first act be taken for granted each other's full, free forgiveness of the past."

A long, long embrace cancelled all our past mistakes. We had come through trial to know and love each other; our hearts were purified through suffering, and so we went forward "together to the end."

It was days before I gave him my father's letter and told him all; and then—ah, then it nearly broke his heart! But there was a little ray of light always—that he had come back to me before he knew all; he owned, if he had received the packet abroad, that that would never have been.

And so we took up our life together again, humbly, lovingly, and trustfully. He was so remorseful because of the past that only a sober gladness was ours for a time; yet I think that in that season of tender peace we grew entirely together, in such a manner as would have been impossible in brighter times. But, when our baby came, all things grew sunny again; Denis once more lifted his head and walked erect among men.

His mother and I are now reconciled; she dotes on little Denis, and scarcely allows his brother Eustace to have a charm.

Need I say that Lisa and Eustace Towerscourt are happy? He has bought an estate near Beechwood, and there is no fear of our being dull while they are near.

[THE END.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The holiday season is so full of its suggestions of fun and festivity people yield to its influence, even in spite of old age and the dignity of years. It is the season when entertainments of all kinds are in vogue, and among them are those in which fancy costumes of some simple kind, which can carry with them the impersonation of funny characters, appeal the most readily to the demand for something amusing and yet not expensive.

Nursery rhymes and fairy tales are capital in which to hunt for characters. Mother Hubbard, Sister Anne and Fatima, Blue Beard, Babes in the Wood, Cinderella, The Fairy Godmother, Little Red Riding Hood, Little Bo Peep, Buy a Broom, and many others, not forgetting the "Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," who had so many children, &c.; all kinds of dresses and all sizes of children will find a refuge under her capacious wing.

Bo Peep should be made up in a pretty light-blue cotton twill, trimmed with pink cotton twill; the long pointed bodice laced in front over a low jaconet muslin chemisette. The sleeves are tied up with pink; a pink rose nestles at the side. The blue Shepherdess hat is worn over powdered hair. Blue stockings and high-heeled shoes with pink rosettes complete the costume. A basket of flowers and a crook tied with ribbon and flowers are carried in the hand, and often a small toy lamb under the arm.

National costumes have always many copyists at calico balls, and we have selected the Italian as, perhaps, the most picturesque for our illustration. It should be made up in dark scarlet and dark blue cotton, the upper and under skirts both bound with the contrast.

The apron for calico balls presents a difficulty, and the best way of surmounting it is to procure a fancy chintz and stitch it in bands on to the dark blue; it is held on by the string passed round the waist, the upper portion turned over.

The chemisette and head dress are made of thick jaconet, and the portion resting on the head should be lined with cardboard, gold pins being used to keep it on. Gold or coral ornaments are best.

The Swiss with its silver chains and embroidery on a velvet bodice, the Normandy with the high cap, the Welsh with the high hat, the Alsatian with the large bow on the skull-like cap—all these find favor, as also does another distinctive class, the French Soubrette, which may be prettily rendered in a pink and white striped skirt, pink bodice, pink trimmed muslin cap, bibbed apron, and pink-striped stockings.

"Folly," on the contrary, could just as well be carried out in cotton twill as in cotton-back satine, and should be a motley mixture of shades—the cap part blue, part red; the ruff white lace; the upper part of bodice half red, half blue; the plastron green, the sleeves blue with yellow epaulettes, the belt red; the basques, one Vandyck red, one blue; one leg encased in blue, one in red—shoes, cotton tights, and all.

Pamela I have seen charmingly represented in a black cotton over a cerise cotton petticoat, with demure cambric cap, fichu, and apron; and Grace Darling in a short blue skirt, loose tunic, sailor bodice, and fisherman's cap, carrying a lantern and a lifebuoy.

But I consider, besides all this, it is almost an essential part of the programme that there should be a special quadrille of the evening, those dancing in it assuming a particular dress. The choice is a large one. There might be a Dolly Varden and Joe Willet Quadrille, including Sam Weller, Mrs. Nickleby, Mrs. Gamp, Squeers, the Marchioness, and many others "familiar in our mouths as household words," which are best copied from the illustrations that accompanied the first edition of the great author's works. A Shakespeare or a Waverley Quadrille is also effective, but the Cracker Quadrille is easier, the dancers being enveloped in different colored dominoes, and tied up in ribbons like monster bonbons. At the present time, however, the most popular of all are the singing quadrilles, the best known of which are the "Nursery Rhymes" and the "Blue Boy." As the figures proceed, the dancers accompany their movements by singing in concert, and there are one or two airs for each figure—old-fashioned ones, originally associated with "Jack and Jill," "Goosey Goosey Gander," "Hey Diddle-diddle," "Jack Horner," "Where are you going to, my Pretty Maid?" "Baa, Baa," Bopeep," "Sing a Song of Sixpence," "Ride a Cock Horse," "Mary, Mary, quite Contrary," &c.

Father Christmas, without any doubt, ought to put in an appearance, and has a further claim than his costume, which is easily concocted—only a white wig crowned with holly, a long flowing white robe with a monk's hood at the back, a girdle round the waist, a staff in hand, and a slight dredging of flour on the shoulders, as though just out of a snow storm; and, above all, a wallet, which, if filled with bonbons or trifling presents for everybody, will secure him a heartier welcome—this is all that is needed.

Our Fireside Chat.

Holiday Games for Everybody.—Brillat-Savarin, the great gastronomist, said that "to invite a person to your house is to take charge of his happiness while under your roof." We will invite our friends this Christmas-time—we will take charge of their happiness for awhile, and as we feel that the responsibility is a grave one, and that we should be very sorry if they failed to enjoy themselves whilst under our care, we will lay our plans for their gratification beforehand.

There are some games that seem to belong peculiarly to Christmas, and foremost amongst these is the game of "Snapdragon."

"Here he comes with flaming bowl,
Don't he mean to take his toll,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!
Take care you don't take too much,
Be not greedy in your clutch,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

"With his blue and lapping tongue
Many of you will be stung,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!
For he snaps at all that comes,
Snatching at his feast of plums,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!"

When this pastime is decided upon, a number of raisins are put into a large, broad shallow bowl, and a little brandy or other spirit is poured over the fruit. The lights in the room are then extinguished, the spirit is ignited, and the bystanders in turns plunge their hands through the flames and endeavor to obtain possession of the fruit. This, of course, is not easily done; it requires both nerve and agility, and the unavailing attempts of the company cause a good deal of fun. Added to this, the burning spirit gives a lurid glare which lights up the eager faces of the guests, and has quite a weird-like effect.

This game has been played at Christmas from time immemorial. It is declared to have been invented by Hercules, who when "he had slain the flaming dragon of Hesperia, made a fiery dish of the apples grown in the orchard, which dish he named Snapdragon."

Some games, which are rather boisterous in their character, are known to everyone and need no description. Amongst these are "Blind Man's Buff," Puss in the Corner," "Trencher," "Blind Postman," "Hunt the Slipper," and "The Elements," or "Air, Earth, Fire and Water." "Proverbs," too is a capital old game. When it is played, one member of the company leaves the room, and the rest fix upon a well known proverb. The banished guest returns, and asks each person a question, who in reply is bound to bring in one word of the proverb in its proper order, and the questioner tries to find out from these answers what the proverb is. A very amusing variety of this game is called "Shouting Proverbs." The guests each appropriate one word of the proverb as before. The one who is trying to guess the proverb comes in, steps into the middle of the room and calls out in a commanding voice, "Make ready! Present! Fire." At the word "Fire" all the company shout their own words at once, and the proverb is to be guessed from the sound, which is a very confusing one.

Perhaps there is no game which gives greater amusement both to young folks and old ones than the game of "Characters," sometimes called "Twenty Questions," and sometimes "Nouns." In this, one of the company thinks of some one particular person or thing, and the others ply him with questions, and endeavor to find out his secret from the answers. It is astonishing how judicious questioning can draw the most out-of-the-way object out of mystery into the light of day. Sometimes the company divide into two parties, each of which sends out one of their number, and on his return questions him separately, and endeavors to find out his secret before the other side can do so. Each candidate must be questioned by the opposite side, and the party which first guesses rightly, takes possession of both candidates. That side is considered to have won the game which draws over the largest number of members. When played in this way, this game is often called "Clumps."

"Trades" is a very amusing game. In this, each person chooses a certain trade, and one member of the company who is named by the rest, makes up a story, in the course of which he introduces an account of his shopping excursions, and calls haphazard upon the representative of each business to name some noun which belongs to his trade. Thus a butcher is to name a certain joint of meat, a grocer some article of grocery, and so on. No item is to be mentioned twice, and if there is any attempt to do so, or if there is any hesitation in naming something suitable, a forfeit must be paid. When the story is well told, a good deal of fun may be got out of this game.

"Dumb Crambo" is another good game. When playing it half the party leave the room and those who remain choose a verb, which the others are to guess. When the absent ones return they are told of a word which will rhyme with the word fixed upon, and they then consult together to find out what it is. Instead of speaking their guess they act it. If they guess rightly they are applauded. If they fail they are hissed. A word spoken on either side, excepting by the actors for the purpose of private consultation, entails a forfeit.

A very old, but a very amusing game, is "Simon." Simon is chosen from the company. He and the rest of the players seat themselves in a circle round the fire, and Simon gives his commands. If he prefaces them by the words "Simon says," they are to be obeyed, however ridiculous they may be. If these important words are omitted, the commands are not to be obeyed, and any one who acts upon them must withdraw from the contest. When Simon is clever and quick of speech, this game makes great fun, and it is very absurd to see a large company imitating his movements. "Simon says, Thumbs up. Simon says, Thumbs down. Simon says, Touch your hair. Simon says, Touch your boots. Simon says, Stop touching your boots; touch your boots again——" Some one is sure to be caught.

"Shadow Buff" is a pretty variety of "Blind Man's Buff," and it is a safe, quiet and pretty game for young people. If there is a white curtain in the room, it should be fastened down to make a smooth surface. If there is no curtain, a sheet or a table-cloth will be required. The one who is to be blind man seats himself before the curtain with his back to his companions, and to the light. The rest pass behind him so that their shadows may be thrown upon the white surface, and the one whose he names from the shadow is to take the place of blind man. The players are allowed to dress themselves up, and disguise themselves in any way they like. Very confusing shadows may be made with a little ingenuity. The hair may be let down, or fastened up in a style different to that in which it is usually worn; or the player may wrap himself in a sheet and spread his arms wide under it, thus making a shadow like a bat; or the finger may be held over the nose to hide its shape. If the blind man looks round at the actors he must pay a forfeit for the offence.

"Schoolmaster" may be pronounced a prosaic sort of game, but it is astonishing how much amusement it is capable of affording. The players seat themselves in a circle, and one of their number, the schoolmaster, places himself before them. Pointing to the first one, he says, "Tell me the name of a town beginning with such-or-such a letter," at the same time fixing upon a particular town in his own mind. If, before the schoolmaster has time to count ten in an audible whisper, the scholar can name a town beginning with that letter, he is allowed to retain his place; but if not, the question is passed to his neighbor; and this is repeated again and again, until the town that the schoolmaster thought of is guessed. Those who can name a town "go up in class," or take the places of those who cannot do so; and if three or four players are passed, the one who succeeds at length passes them all; and each one must move a step downwards to make room for him. When the schoolmaster likes he can choose an animal, a bird, a fish, a river, a continent, a poet, a statesman, an author, or a celebrated character instead of a town.

"Russian Scandal" is a very interesting game. In this game one member of the company writes a short story on a slate, making it as full of incident as he can. He then goes outside the door, and calls one of his companions to him and reads the story aloud once, very distinctly. After doing this, he walks away and carries the slate with him. The person to whom the story was read summons another of the party, and narrates the story to him as exactly as he can remember it. The third person tells it to a fourth, and the fourth to a fifth, and so on till each one of the party has had the story narrated to him privately and solemnly outside the door. When all have heard it, the last one to go out comes into the room and narrates the story to the whole company. The original is then read from the slate, and it is quite curious to notice how it has altered in the course of transmission. There is no necessity for any intentional inaccuracy. If only there is plenty of incident in the tale, it will be found that it is almost impossible for the person who last heard the story to repeat it exactly as the first one [illegible]. The little fuss that is made in entering, leaving the room makes the difficulty of remembrance all the greater.

Every one knows the excellent and lively game of "Musical Chairs." There is a variety of it, which is not so well known, called "The Huntsman." This can be played by any number above four; the more the merrier. One of the players is the huntsman, the others are named after the different parts of his dress or appurtenances. Thus there are the gun, the hat, the coat, the boots, the shot, the powder flask, the powder, the dog, the bag, the game, &c., &c. Chairs as many as there are players, excluding the huntsman, are placed in two rows, back to back, and the players seat themselves on these. When everything is prepared, the huntsman walks round the sitters, and calls his followers by their chosen names. As each one is called he gets up and follows the huntsman. The huntsman may walk round slowly, or run just as he likes. At any stage of the proceedings he is allowed to call out "Bang!" and immediately take possession of one of the chairs, leaving his followers to seat themselves as they can. Of course one is left out, as there is a chair less than the number of players, and that one must pay a forfeit. This game is convenient when there is not a piano in the room. When there is a piano, "Musical Chairs" played in the usual way—that is, with the players marching round the chairs to music, and scrambling for seats when the music suddenly stops—is quite as interesting.

Among twilight games, which may be played in the interval between daylight and gaslight, perhaps the best are "How, when, and where?" "What is my Thought like?" or "What is it like, and why is it like it?" "Think of a word to rhyme with so-and-so;" "I apprenticed my son;" and "Boz," or "The Game of Seven." These games are too well known to need description. As a variety, "Spanish Merchant" may be played. The secret of this game should be known only to one or two, and the rest should try to guess it. The players take it in turns to address their next neighbor. "I'm a Spanish Merchant," says one. "What do you sell?" is the retort. The secret of the game consists in the merchant being careful to name as his article of merchandise some object that he at the same time lightly and unobtrusively touches. If he omit to do this, the leader says, "Ah! you are no Spanish merchant," and passes on to the next. All sorts of ridiculous mistakes are made in trying to discover the mystery. "My old Grandmother doesn't like Tea" is another game of the same character. In reply to this, the question comes, "What does she like?" and the secret lies in never allowing the letter T to enter into the word which is supposed to embody the predilection of the venerable old lady.

A very peculiar sensation may be experienced by those who endeavor to blow out a candle without seeing where it is. The candle is lighted and placed upon a table. The player is then blindfolded, and is told to walk three steps to the right, to the left, backwards and forwards, and in each case to come back to his first position. He is then to turn round twice, and blow out the candle. In nine cases out of ten he will blow quite away from the place where the candle stands.

Perhaps it will be said that these games are not particularly new. The wise man said, "There is nothing new under the sun," and games are not the exception. The same sports which were common 150 years ago are enjoyed to-day; the only difference is that they are carried on in a more refined fashion. And it is all the pleasanter that it should be so. It is delightful to think that our children take pleasure in the same games that our grandfathers and grandmothers did. Let us hope that the Christmas season may long retain its influence, as well as its games; that it may bind heart to heart, and, as Washington Irving says, "we may draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms, and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity."

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A little girl recently went out to make a call. As she arose to go she exclaimed, "Oh; I forgot! I want to see all your new dresses and things. They'll ask me about them the first thing when I get home." She was furnished with the required details.

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"You old vulture, you," she exclaimed when he hinted that five bonnets per an[illegible] were about enough for any ordina[illegible] A
Next day when he relent[illegible] ly overhead.
order the sixth, it wo[illegible] clearness. It was
gel smile to bear [illegible]
"Birdie." weather, after all.
said Eustace, and this
Nine women shook a little. "You
gether last wee[illegible] elf out for my sake.
speak of other ungrateful, Ida, because
speak well o[illegible] gushing as some men are.
grown so [illegible] would give anything to serve
to lubrica[illegible]
they ca[illegible]
a time to speak and a time to
[illegible] ace. Ida rallied all her forces by
[illegible] rate effort.
"Do not thank me for anything, Eus[illegible]
only forgive me for all my wayward[illegible]
and bad temper. I've been so very,

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

EDWIN, (Delaware, O.)—There is no truth in fortune-telling.

Y. B. M. (Bedford, Tenn.)—Always, if possible, raise your hat with your right hand when bowing to a lady.

E. (Dubuque, Iowa.)—A person should not habitually keep a piece of cotton in the ear; only when he has ear-ache.

ALLAN G. (New Orleans, La.)—Louisiana was so named from Louis XIV. of France, who for some time prior to 1763 owned the territory.

P. G. (Kensington, Philadelphia.)—Men of war can also be distinguished from merchant vessels by their carrying a pennant at the mast-head.

CENTENNIAL, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The New York Crystal Palace was first opened to the public on July 14, 1853. It was destroyed by fire on October 5, 1858.

DICKY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—If you were under age when you cheated the young lady by a promise of marriage, she can recover no damages for the breach.

G. J. G. (Taney, Mo.)—You acted very wrong towards your employers; they were perfectly justified in dismissing you, and you have no means of redress whatever.

F. Y. (Central, Minn.)—When a young lady renounces her engagement with a young gentleman, she ought not visit his mother and sister at the house where he also lives.

ANGIE, (Agnew, Bucks Co., Pa.)—If the young gentleman's attentions be disagreeable to you, you should speak to your father on the subject, as they are such particular friends.

ROSY, (Essex, Va.)—A young lady with a pretty face, an amiable temper, and cheerful disposition, need by no means despair of obtaining a husband, although her figure be not good.

EUPHROSYNE, (Putnam, Mo.)—Poetry is so nearly a drug in the market, that there are scarcely a dozen writers in America who can obtain anything like remuneration for a volume of poems.

COMPOSITOR, (Schoharie, N. Y.)—The first Protestant Bishop in the United States was the Right Rev. Dr. Samuel Seabury, 1784. The first Catholic Bishop was Dr. Carroll, of Maryland, 1789.

BIMETALLIC, (Wilkesbarre, Pa.)—Silver was first coined by Phidon, King of Argos, about 869 B. C., the epoch of the building of Carthage, and about 120 years after the construction of Solomon's temple.

MARBLEW, (Orangeburgh, S. C.)—A cure for freckles is to dissolve a quarter of a pound of the best yellow soap in a quart of hot water, and add to it a gill of good gin. When cool, bathe the face with it twice a day.

BEATRICE, (Logan, Ky.)—Clip the points of the eyelashes once a month to make them grow long. If a lady really loves a man sixteen years older than herself, she should not allow the disparity of age to stand in the way of their union.

INQUIRY, (Anoka, Minn.)—The firm is reliable, but the article you refer to is hardly more than a useful and pleasing toy. It is worth, however, in our opinion, all that is asked for it. Its size it is probably one foot high, by one wide, and two long.

ST. CLAIR, (Joplin, Mo.)—It would be of no use in your consigning your game now to any person or firm in this or any other Eastern city, as after the first of the year the selling of all kinds of game—and certainly that which you would be able to send—is forbidden by law.

L. G. (Kansas City, Mo.)—You should certainly accept the apology offered by your young female friend, under the circumstances. She did not know of your engagement to the gentleman at the time she joked you upon the subject, and, after all, the joke was a trivial one.

B. A. G. (Early, Ga.)—Your idea of sending packages and letters long distances by atmospheric pressure, through tubes exhausted of air, has been over and over again been experimented upon; discussed in the papers and by scientific bodies, and dropped as impracticable.

ADONIC, (Lebanon, Mo.)—No young lady who possesses a great deal of color ought to adopt any means to dispossess herself it. It is a sign of health, and health is a great accessory to beauty. Besides, the complexion will fade soon enough, and then you will vainly wish that your color might return.

GLOBUS, (St. Louis, Mo.)—Those of the ancients who did not believe in the sphericity of the earth thought it a cylinder or an extended plane. Homer made it circular and the outside water, and this was the idea of the Jews. The later Greeks, from Pythagoras and Thales, taught the sphericity.

LYMMA, (Marion, Ill.)—Edward, the Confessor, was the first king of England who fancied he could cure the king's evil by touching. This vulgar credulity had, in the age of Charles II., arisen to such a height; that in fourteen years 92,107 were touched, and, according to the king's physician, mostly cured.

SUBSCRIBER, (Beaver Pond, S. C.)—We know nothing of the person you refer to, as you fail to give either his business or address. Whatever he may be, however, the mere fact that his name appeared in the paper you speak of is no conclusive proof as to his character. Write again, stating his business and address.

E. N. (Clinton, Pa.)—Anonymous letters are generally understood to be without name and address, and we do not therefore see how anyone can answer them. But it is assuredly very wrong for a lady to bow only: when once acquainted shaking hands follows of course, shaking hands does, however, sometimes take place in introductions.

LOUISE, (Chautauqua, Kans.)—Yours is an afflicting case. We know not what advice to give. We think, however, that your reproving your husband for his neglect will never remedy it. It will make him worse, if anything. You should tell your mother. No one can speak such comfort to a sorrowing heart as an affectionate mother.

FRIEND OF S. (New Castle, Del.)—Faust (pronounced Fowst) was the name of a celebrated mediæval musician and dealer in the black art; his famous book, containing the words which were fabled to have cost him his soul, is still preserved in one of the German University libraries. On this legend is based to some extent, Goethe's fine play and the opera.

HOPEFUL, (White, Ark.)—No widow should ever marry a man who would consider her half-orphan children as any bar or impediment to his happiness. How can you love a man who does not love your children, or who could even look with jealous eyes upon them? Such a man would, as your husband, be the curse not only of your children's lives, but of your own life also.

RETORT, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Gas antedates the first discovery of the electric light. In 1804, one Winsor, in England, patented and claimed the credit of inventing the process of lighting by gas. In 1808 several shops in Birmingham were illuminated by gas manufactured by the process of Winsor and Murdoch. Among those who first used this new light was Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. In 1816, the first use of gas was made in London.

R. B. (Chicago, Ill.)—A young man of nineteen, who is five feet seven inches, is by no means tall for his age. No stranger can tell you to what height you can attain. A person, to give any opinion on the subject, must see you. Some young men have finished growing at that age, and the fact is denoted by the "set" appearance of the limbs. Others may expect to grow a little more, and this will be denoted by a sort of lankiness, and often by a slight stoop.

ZEPHAS, (Washington, D. C.)—There are 36 chances upon two dice. It is an even chance that you throw a [illegible]. It is 35 to 1 against throwing any particular doublets, and 5 to 1 against throwing any doublets. It is 17 to 1 against throwing any two desired numbers. It is [illegible] against throwing a single number with either of the dice. Against hitting with the amount of two dice the chances against 7 [illegible] and 2 [illegible], against [illegible], is 11 to 1; against 11, if [illegible], and against three, 35 to 1.

[illegible], (Trenton, N. J.)—The allusion is to a story [illegible] relates of an eagle, which has been gravely doubted. A young maiden of Sestos reared up a young eagle which became so attached to her that when she died and was laid upon the funeral pile, he flew to her, alighted on her body, and perished in the flames. There is nothing more probable that that a tame eagle should thus alight upon the body of his mistress; and as the flames rose quick and fierce, as they probably would, he may very well have been unable to escape.

SCHOLAR, (CENTREVILLE, N. J.)—It would be impossible to decide positively whether fire or water can be made the most destructive. And it would be equally difficult to say which is the most useful animal—a horse or cow. Both matters must forever remain a matter of individual opinion. The man who loses all his property by fire is apt to look upon that element as the most dangerous in existence, while he who has had his possessions inundated or rendered profitless by the overflowing of a river has as little charity for water. If you are unable to decide on a subject for a composition, open your dictionary at any page and select the first word your eye rests upon. Of course anything with which you are at all familiar gives better chances for effective writing, but we offer the above plan to show how very easy it should be to find something about which to write.

CATAWBA, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—American champagne, as you call it, differs essentially from French champagne only in the quality of the grapes that are grown on a soil which has been used for hundreds of years, while the domestic grapes come from a fresher and less cultivated soil. The foreign soil, too, is perhaps naturally better, so that the quality of the grapes which it produces is undoubtedly finer and richer. Nevertheless, it is impossible to predict the amount of improvement in American vineyards, if the attention [illegible] ure, matter is very intelligent and perse[illegible] ore glo- this exception, however—namely, [illegible] grapes are now somewhat better th[illegible] grapes—it may truly be said that [illegible] on of the pagne is the equal of the French a[illegible] once pro- why the foreign wine effervesces [illegible] ufacture sugar is added to the [illegible] you, seri- of the wine in the cask. The [illegible] you have stored away for a [illegible] which [illegible] they censure you, what good.

Beware of prejudices; they are like rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense than we find assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the effects of downright stupidity.

There is no man on earth so pure but can find something in himself to amend. Hence the necessity—the absolute necessity—of every man minding his own business.

Dr. Baring, one of the same family as the English bankers of that name, who has resigned the Bishopric of Durham, in doing so gives up a salary of $40,000 and a magnificent residence. It remains the fourth best place of ecclesiastical preferment in England, and Dr. Baring is the first Bishop of Durham who ever resigned.

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silent grandeur hail!
ess! mighty Thane!
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pectres walk the shad
sepulchres give birth:
to the frighted moon
weird recounts her h

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